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The Bystander, April 26, 1933 No. 1532. Vol. CXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

Peter North

THE LADY DIANA WELLESLEY

A new and attractive portrait in double of Lady Diana Wellesley, the elder daughter of Clare, Countess Cowley, and a half-sister of the present Earl. Lady Diana Wellesley's engagement to Mr. Daniel Dixon was announced last month; on the right, she is with her fiancé at Hawthorn Hill. Mr. Dixon is in the Grenadier Guards, and rode Major Jack Aird's horse, Paris II., in the Household Brigade Challenge Cup on the second day

The PASSING HOUR:

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

THE Season is here. Long live the Season. In a fortnight come the first Courts. Next week comes the Private View of the Royal Academy. The Embassy has redecorated itself and reopened (more next week). Quaglino's has been re-planned, and has a gala to-night (more next week). Ciro's has a new band and a new dance floor.

SOON the ground-floor windows of the Berkeley will be opened—the first sign of real summer. The awnings will come down over the shops. Strawberries will be a reasonable price. Débutantes will be learning to make conversation, and the people who have not received their Enclosure tickets will be going to Eastbourne for their Jubilee week, or making other excuses for not going to Ascot.

IT was easy in London to see last week who had been to Le Touquet. Some disclosed it by asking plaintively for Perrier water. Others showed it by their sunburn. Mr. Randolph Churchill looked slightly subdued in Bury Street. Miss Vi Loraine was saying at the first night that she had made all the expenses of her week-end by chemin de fer. Mrs. Archie Crabbe, whose husband served on the Officer-in-the-Tower court-martial, also seems to have had a good time.

BUT promises are promises, and I said last week I would tell you all about Le Touquet. Well, it was a grand party from start to finish. Everyone got remarkably sunburnt despite the fact that the gambling was heavier and lasted longer each night than it has ever done before. When they pulled the curtains at 8.30 each morning there were always three or four tables still in full swing, at least two of which survived until nine o'clock or later.

AT the three-louis tables no-one opened a bank with less than a hundred francs. There were four or five ten-louis tables, two or three fifteen-louis tables, one hundred-louis table, as well as a hundred-and-fifty-louis table. It was interesting to see, though, that at the latter all the players were French people. There was always a crowd round them. But there was a far bigger crowd round Table 19, although this was only a three-louis affair.

The Novelist and the Anim

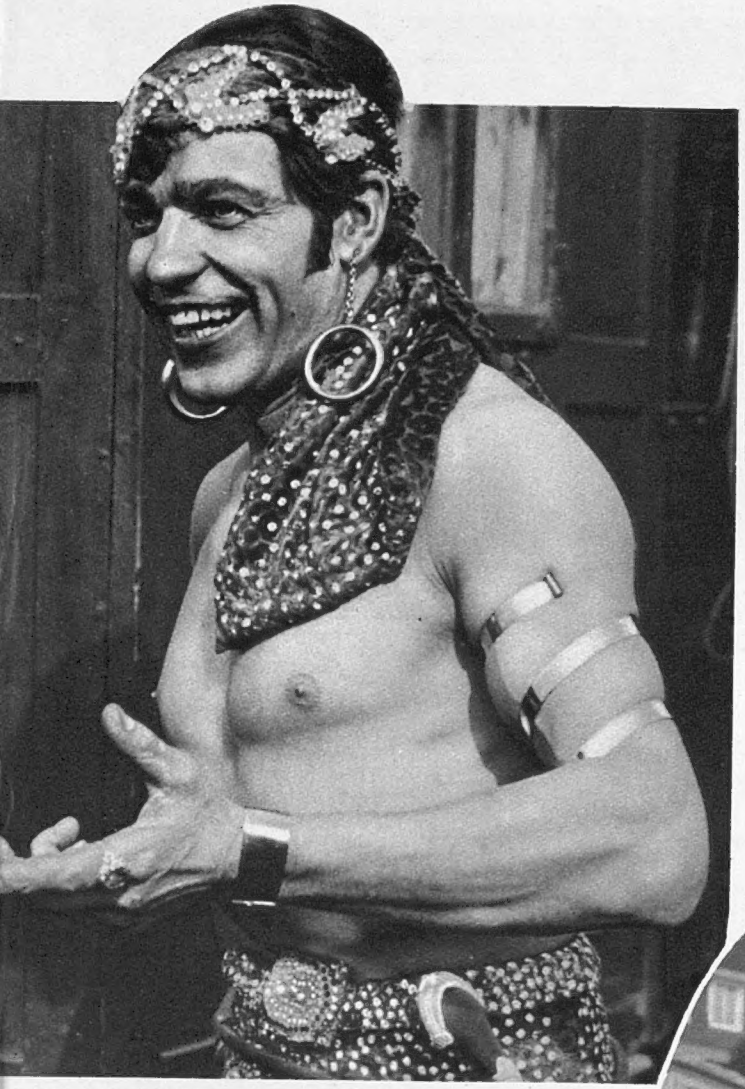
Lady Eleanor Smith is Chairman of the Circ a good deal of a circus expert, as her first no to collect local colour. She is talking to Toga

Viscount Milton and Miss Olive Plunket

Dublin was en fête for the wedding of Lord Milton, Earl Fitzwilliam's only son, and Miss Olive Plunket, younger daughter of Bishop Plunket and the Hon. Mrs. Plunket, of St. Anne's, Clontarf. They were married at St. Patrick's Cathedral last week, and have gone abroad for their honeymoon

THE reason for this was not far to seek. Miss Cicely Courtneidge was playing and was in her very best form. It rather reminded one of the Casino at Juan les Pins when Guy Puckle and others were showing their usual levity. Miss Courtneidge claimed not to know the first thing about the game. She showed everyone at the table the cards she was given, and then asked the assembly whether or not they thought she should ask for another card. Even the croupier sniggered. "Well," she philosophised gaily after losing a couple of suivis, "this is the most charming way of losing money that I've ever met." Later on, when she ran a bank three times, loud cheers broke out.

AS time wore on there was a good deal of high spirits at other tables, and at 6 a.m.



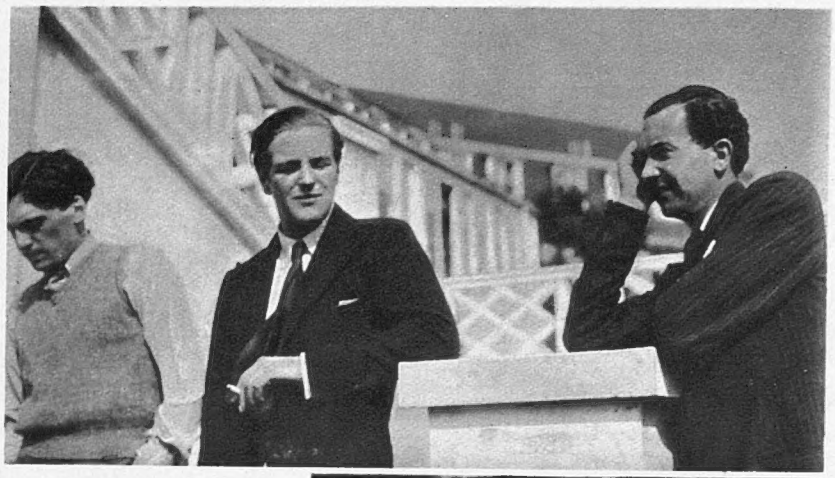
Trainer: Lady Eleanor Smith and Togare

all, which takes place early in May, and although she is already oved, she has been visiting Bertram Mills's Circus at Guildford wild-animal tamer; they have a good joke, evidently

on Saturday morning word came down from the High Table to one at which—well, I mustn't mention names—anyway, some very well-known members of the London Supper Crowd were playing, to say that if they did not shut up they would have to leave. Silence reigned after that.

ONE young man at another table, in the dawn of Sunday morning, went fast asleep with a cigarette in his hand. It fell on the green baize table and started to burn a hole, but nobody noticed it until it was his turn for the shoe. Then they tried every method possible of waking him, but failed completely. So at the end he had to be taken out in a wheeled chair. This was a more dignified exit, though, than that of the youth who was removed head down like a sack of potatoes.

IN the boule room Mr. Anthony Angus, the economist, proceeded to live up to his reputation



Le Touquet Beaux

Above: three stars of the Easter week-end at Le Touquet: Lord Dufferin, Mr. Randolph Churchill and Mr. Jim Lawrence outside the Golf Hotel

Below: Mrs. T. C. Barber coming in from her morning round. She was Miss Joyce Headley, and was in Mr. and Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson's party at Le Touquet

Drinking before-dinner cocktails in the Picardy Bar at Le Touquet: Mrs. Leonard Ropner and Mrs. Archie Crabbe, whose husband is in the Scots Guards and was on duty at the Baillie-Stewart court-martial

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Dudley-Ryder and Mrs. Alastair Crewdson getting naturally "wind-swept" on the golf links

Left: Miss Merle Oberon, the English film actress, Major and Mrs. Anthony Angus, and Mr. Pery-Knox-Gore, were an Easter foursome on the golf course at Le Touquet. More pictures of the week-end are on pages 154 and 155

by invariably winning money at this infuriating game. It seems scarcely credible, but it is true. He really did. Thank goodness! roulette will be allowed in France by Whitsun, and we will no longer be tempted to throw away our louis on the boule table as we leave the casino.

GEORGES, the barman, had a very busy time on Sunday. He took more than forty mille, and a mille is worth twelve pounds nowadays. Incidentally, a young M.P., who shall be nameless, had a bit of real luck. He banco-ed a bank which he thought was two milles, and when he won it found that it was eight. He nearly fainted with fright when they passed up the plaques to him.

Claude Harris

A new portrait of Mrs. R. H. Twining, whose husband is the well-known Eton, Oxford, and Middlesex cricketer. Mrs. Twining is organising the Eton Ball, which will take place on the first night of the Eton and Harrow match, July 14th, at the Dorchester, and is in aid of the Eton Mission

THE three golf courses were crowded throughout the week-end. Lord Portarlington was there as usual. Mr. Philip Hill played in an informal tournament, arranged among the members of his party, which I rather think was won by Miss Baba Pim. Lord and Lady Churston struck the ball on the old course. Miss Katherine Horlick wore one of the new knitted hats with a steel ring in the top. Jim Lawrence was peripatetic as ever.

SEEN at Le Touquet: Christopher Macintosh and Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton bathing on the beach; Mr. Bob Boothby playing golf; Mr. Peter Stewart, Colonel Ropner and Sir Robert Horne talking; Miss Marjorie Mairs playing boule for the first time in her life; Bob Le Cron winning the Dental Cup; Bob Foster defeating General Critchley, who arrived at Le Touquet on Saturday, having already played two rounds of golf that day at Sandwich.

MR. NIGEL SEELY slicing; Mr. Patsy Richardson topping; Mr. Rupert Byass disappearing into the rough; Lady Dufferin and Ava having tea at La Chaumière; Mr. Hamar Bagnall walking over the golf course; Mrs. Borwick

Swaebe

Back in London after their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. John Mason were out together last week at the Café de Paris. Mrs. John Mason was Miss Diana Coventry; she and Mr. Mason were married early in March

a French girl wearing jewellery assessed at £320,000 by a famous jeweller; Madame Van der Els wearing still more valuable diamonds; Lady Kemball-Cook's long hair at the Hotel Picardy; Mrs. Nora Stewart Brown borrowing a hot-water bottle from Mr. Willy Vanderbilt.

SIR PERCY LORAINE and Lord Forteviot on the golf course; Miss Iris Ashley winning at the Casino; the Misses Simpson not wearing any make-up; Miss Schofield in the oddest hat; in sun-spectacles; Mrs. Jack Ryder without a hat; the Brothers Wagg.

Miss Jacqueline Hughes is the attractive daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. Hughes; she is nineteen. Her father is in command of a battalion of the Grenadier Guards

The Hon. Michael Morris, the only son of Lord Morris, a former Prime Minister of Newfoundland, and his bride, Miss Jean Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, leaving the Brompton Oratory after their wedding last week

BACK in London at one of the dance clubs I observed Lord Londonderry, who was at Mrs. Peter Thursby's table. Lord Blandford was also there as were the Drogo Montagus.

BEATRICE LILLIE was also present with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein. She slipped into the country quite unannounced, but she is probably going to be here until October. She says that there is a distinct probability that she will appear in a new show soon. By the way, ask Ferraro for an André Chenier. It is very good.

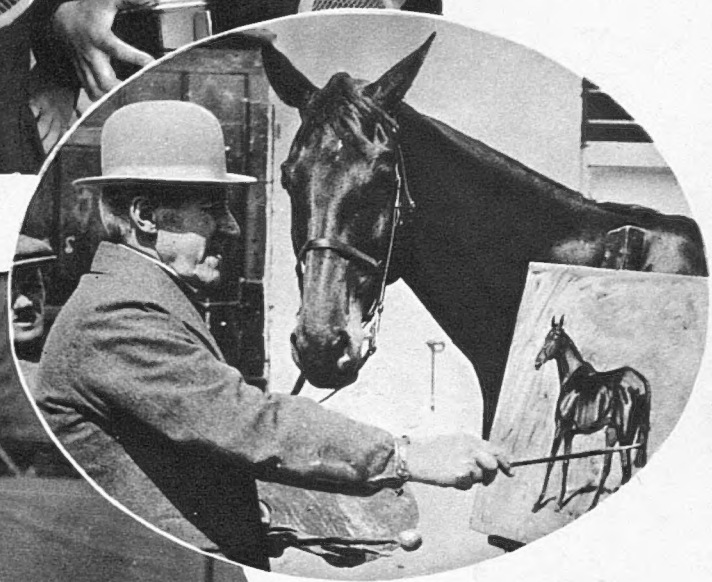
IN conclusion, Old Etonians will be able to pull the leg of Messrs. Peter Blundell and Wilkes on their return from their Eastern Mediterranean cruise in the Kraljica Marija. On arrival at Kotor last week, they tried to climb the great mountain that overhangs the town. But they underestimated the difficulties of the descent and held up the ship for nearly two hours. To regain the lost time, the ship had to increase her speed by two knots for the next ten hours, and in so doing used over six tons of coal more than usual. And you know what coal costs.

The SPORTFOLIO

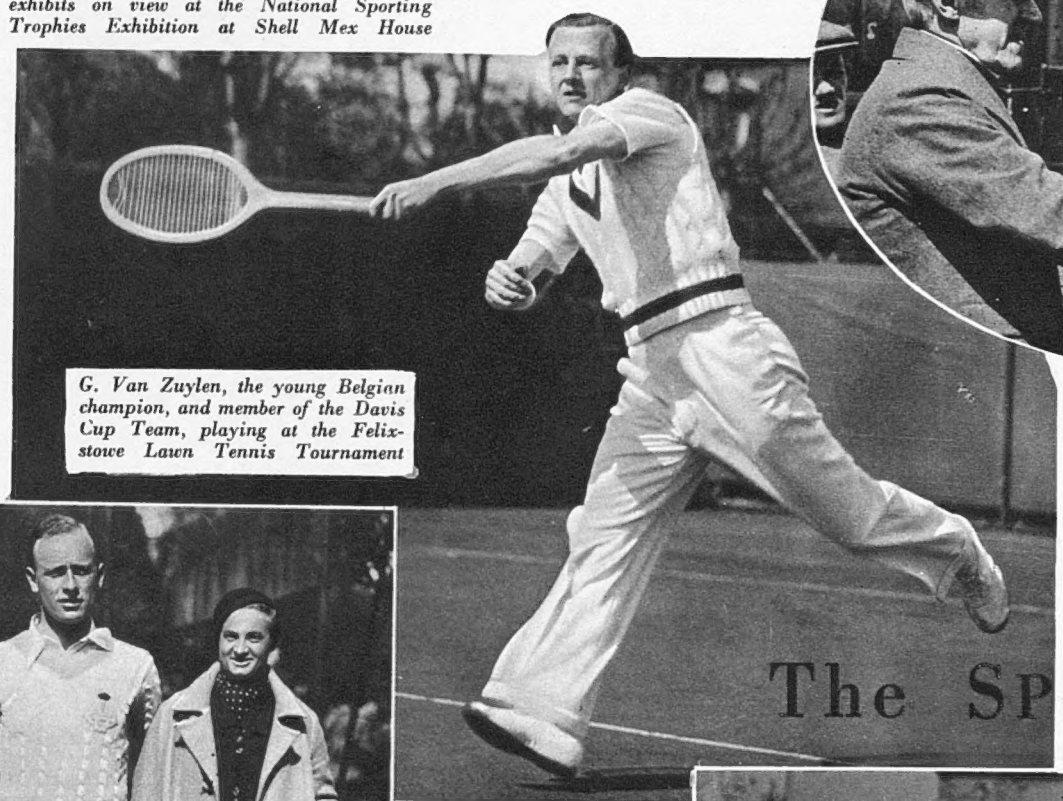
Sporting Trophies on View

Sir Curtis Noel Bennett, Lord Desborough and Lord Westmorland with the West Chester County Polo Trophy, which is one of the many exhibits on view at the National Sporting Trophies Exhibition at Shell Mex House

Left : R. F. Lumb and E. A. Gray, of Rugby, who beat J. H. Pulbrook and J. H. Pawle, the Harrow pair, by four games to two, in the final of the Public Schools Rackets Championship, which was held at Queen's Club



Above : Mr. Lynwood Palmer the animal painter, at work on the portrait of Kellsboro' Jack, winner of the Grand National



G. Van Zuylen, the young Belgian champion, and member of the Davis Cup Team, playing at the Felixstowe Lawn Tennis Tournament

A Lawn Tennis Engagement

Left : Mlle. Josane Sigart, the Belgian lady lawn tennis champion, with J. de Muelemeester, also well known in the Lawn Tennis world, to whom she recently became engaged

Right : Wood, Mitchell, Holmes, and Barber, the well-known Yorkshire professionals, going out to practice at the Headingley Ground, Leeds

A Racing Reverie

Mainly about Kempton

By "Regular"

YEARS ago, my nurse read me a book called *Misunderstood*. It was all about a dear little boy who spent all his time trying to do people good turns, and they invariably thought he was getting fresh and gave him a good kick up the pants.

WELL, I have lately found myself in the position of that little boy. It all happened like this: I woke one morning fairly glistening with goodwill, determined to be nice to everyone and everything, and in particular, would I be a little Boy Scout to the Totalisator in general, and "Tote" Investors in particular.

UNFORTUNATELY, I left this pleasant task till the end of my article, and as I had been particularly garrulous, the Editor had to use the pruning-knife, or the blue pencil or whatever he does use, when I over-run my space, and one of the paragraphs which had to go was "The best possible reason for betting with the 'Tote' is that they have convinced me that their prices are better than the bookmakers'." In case anyone should think the slogan comparing the finger-nails of the lady who deals out the "Tote" tickets with those of the bookmaker's was invented by "Tote" Investors, I will tell you that it is my own, and I 'm very proud of it.

FURTHERMORE, my handwriting, made even worse than usual by the race special I was writing my article in having a wheel short, caused the gentleman whose job it is to make my copy fit for publication to think that the delightful little book, *Things To Do To-day*, was a present from the bookmakers, whereas it was from "Tote" Investors, who most certainly DO have the human touch.

A PERFECTLY-DRESSED shop window, unfailing courtesy, patience with fools, and perfect accuracy, are four essential factors if a business is to succeed. "Tote" Investors have all four: they deserve to succeed, and I 'm sure they will.

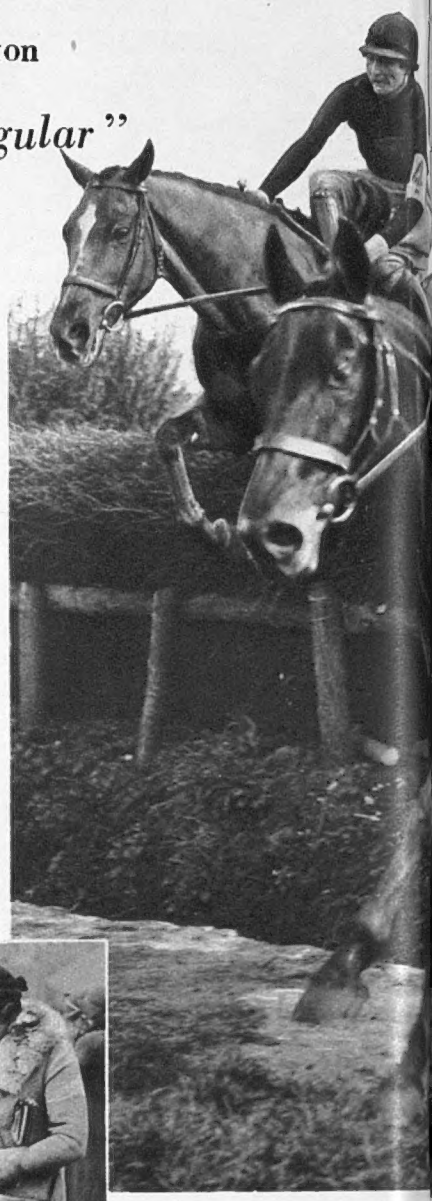
THEIR latest acquisition is Miss "Baby" Whitaker, so that even more young men will be getting "Tote"-minded. "Baby" Whitaker is, of course, the attractive daughter of Percy, both morally and physically, one of the bravest men I ever met.

Left: Sir Daniel Cooper, Bt., who lives at Chippenham, talking to the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Long at the Steeplechase Meeting at Wincanton

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Portman and Mrs. Robin Grosvenor watching the Easter Monday jump racing at Wincanton from the enclosure

Tweeds and Furs at Epsom, but no Checks

Above, left, are Mrs. William Fox Pitt and Mrs. Curzon Howe; and, right, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Smith Bingham and Miss Griselda Grant Lawson at Epsom for the Spring Meeting last week



PERCY WHITAKER doesn't care two hoots for anyone, and if he has anything to say he says it, and if you don't like it, you can lump it. I know no abler trainer than Percy Whitaker, and, at the same time, one who has had worse luck in recent years. To have two owners die on you and be distinctly unlucky with a third is more than any man could be expected to stand.

DESPITE the fact that everybody who was anybody was supposed to be in Le Touquet, I found a very good gathering of all that 's best at Kempton for the opening of the new stands, which, believe me, are the Cat's Pyjamas. Never did I expect to race in such comfort in England, and I take my hat off to all concerned, and those McAlpines certainly CAN build.

ON the first day we had "one for the caterers," which is another way of saying that one of the races was reduced to a walk-over. "Jumbo" Joliffe tells me you wouldn't believe

Below, left: the Ladies' Adjacent Hunt Race in the Bucks and Berks Staghounds Point-to-Point at Sonning; Mrs. C. A. White, the winner, on Kingstreet, leads from Miss Barbara Palmer (4) and Mrs. A. B. Thompson

Below, right: at the Eridge Bona Fide Hunt Meeting on Easter Monday at Steel Bridge Farm: Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, Lady Lathom, the Comtesse de Fleurieu, Lord Wimborne, Col. the Hon. W. Egerton and Capt. Dykes

Left: a group in the paddock at the Heythrop Point-to-Point at Little Tew, near Oxford, including Mrs. Phipps Hornby, Miss A. Thayer, Miss L. Jeans and Major Galbraith

Captain Buckmaster walking round at Epsom on City and Suburban Day last week; with him are his son and daughter, Miss Joan Buckmaster and Mr. John Buckmaster

how the caterers' receipts go up when this occurs. Anyhow, it gave us a whole hour to explore the new bars, and very nice we found them.

THE shrewdest person I met was Mrs. Vandy Beatty, who in the Rosebery Stakes backed Pricket for a place only, her argument being that you couldn't kick him out of a place, but as he doesn't quite get the trip, something would in all probability come and run him out of it, which is exactly what happened.

I HAVE known Cecil Boyd Rochfort a good many years, and I have never seen him look more "bucked" than he did after Galapas had obliged, and, judging by the way the horse's price tumbled down, I presume he had a nice touch. Anyhow, I hope he did.

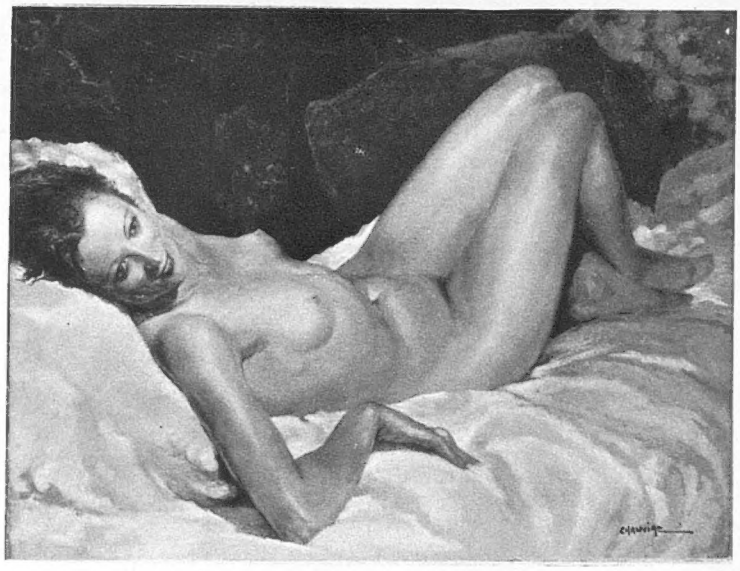
AFTER I had laid the odds on True Eye and the good thing had duly obliged, thanks to—sh, sh! one can't be too careful!—I dined with Michael Beary, whom I always find a most entertaining companion and one of the best hosts I know. If I'd accepted all he offered me, I'd have been under the table.

MICHAEL was very upset at the serious accident sustained by Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, when riding one of his horses in a point-to-point. One of the best lady riders in the country, Lady Mary had already won a race on this horse. By her accident, she fractured her jaw in two places, and although suffering great pain, she never once complained and Michael told me that of all the falls he's seen in his life, "He'd never seen a gamer or better plucked 'un than Lady Mary." I am delighted to hear that she has now quite recovered.

KEMPTON on Bank Holiday was the occasion for a treble for Harry Wragg, and the victory of Foxhunter, belonging to Mr. Esmond. Foxhunter's mother, Trimestral, went a bit of a gallop. First of all she married Son-in-Law, to whom she presented a fine strapping son called Trimdon. Son-in-Law had previously married and had a son called Fox Law. Now, would you believe it, when old Son-in-Law wasn't looking, she ran off with young Fox Law and "that's how Foxhunter was born."

EPSOM—that paradise for men and hell on earth for women—was a packet of fun, but was it expensive? I'll say it was! Both the Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban were won by impossible horses.

MRS. CHESTER BEATTY is at last having the luck she deserves, though I can't help wishing she wouldn't have it at 20 to 1. Michael Beary once wanted to give Harry Wragg a tray "for waiting." I shouldn't be surprised if the Ali didn't give him one for his tactics on Dastur. NOT even Michael and all his angels could have made Dastur win, but I think he might have beaten Colorado Kid for third place if he had come about his business a bit earlier.



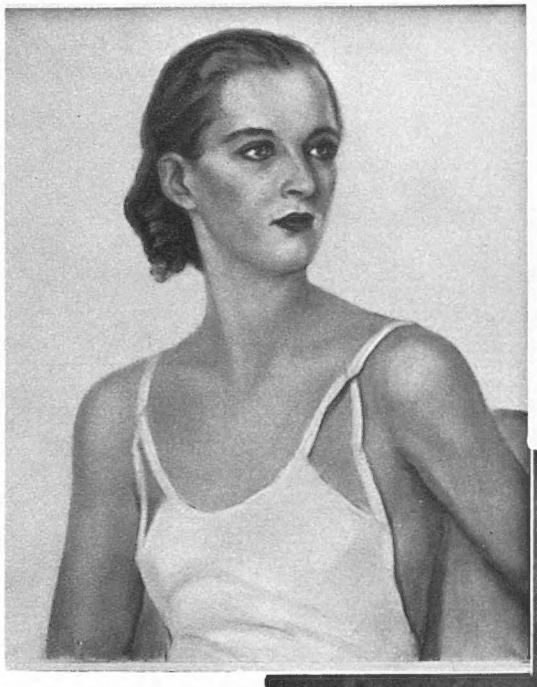
Nu. Ludo Chauviac

Carnaval à Venise.
Carlo Cherubini

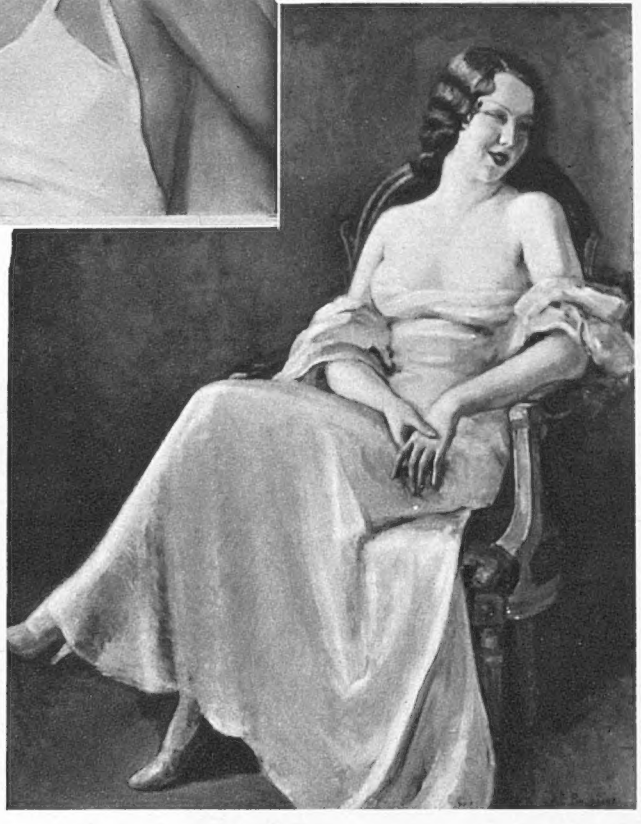
Painted Ladies

A Paris Salon Selection

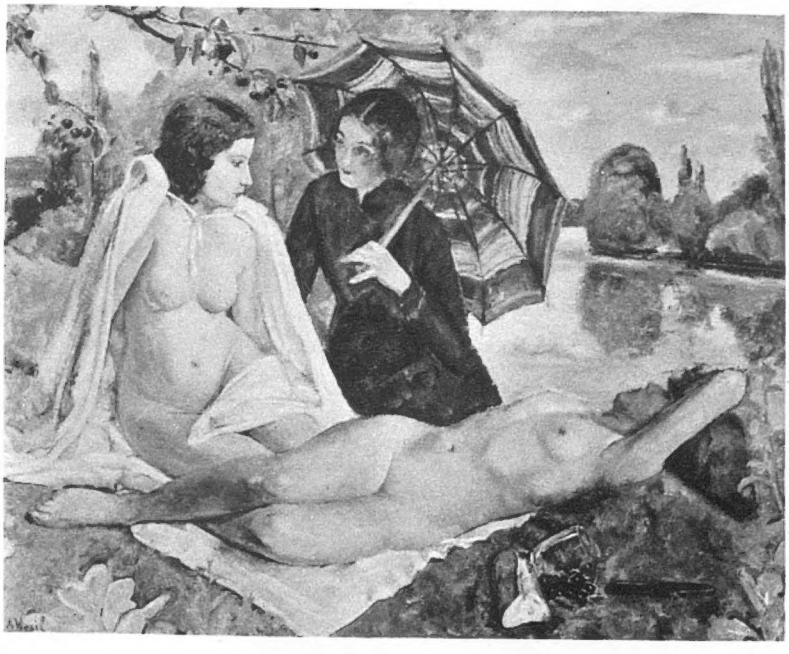
Nu. Xavier Bricard



Comtesse A. de Castéja.
Helène Polovtsoff



Above: Jeune Fille Rousse. Augusta de Bourgade



Left: Belle Journée d'été. André Vivrel

Hors d'Œuvres: *By "Caviare"*

NO photograph does Gertrude Lawrence justice. She is so vivacious, and each mood is portrayed on her mobile little face. Mrs. Cecil Pim is far more attractive than the camera shows her; and so is Mrs. John Barran.

THINGS which surprise me—
Miss Margaret Bannerman's new I-am-a-Chelsea-artist clothes (though she does look lovely in them).
Mrs. Hallway's orange rouge!
The Bryan Guinness divorce!

MARY had a brunette lamb,
With fleece of shining gold;
He followed her where'er she went,
And daily grew more bold.

TWO devoted sisters are Mrs. Peter Horlick and Miss Pamela Nicholl, who are here, there, and everywhere together. Both are tremendously attractive, but they are not noticeably alike. Joan and Diana Henry are dressed alike, talk alike, and are alike.

WHY is a dark "lovely" so sad; and could not a flashing smile make her happy again?

A CERTAIN well-beloved husband and wife have "kissed again with tears."

LADY FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY is neat and well dressed and can talk intelligently. Miss Pamela Kingsmill is nearly as charming as her extraordinarily charming mother. Lady Anne Bridgeman is lovely and original. Three really nice girls.

CHARACTER is important, and the looking-glass cannot tell you that. Mr. Charles Sweeny has a strong, definitely good character. His wife (yes, Margaret) has a sweet, really lovely character. Lady Howe has a darling gentle and kind character; but a "much-about-the-place" and "so-pretty!" has a dash-dot-dash character.

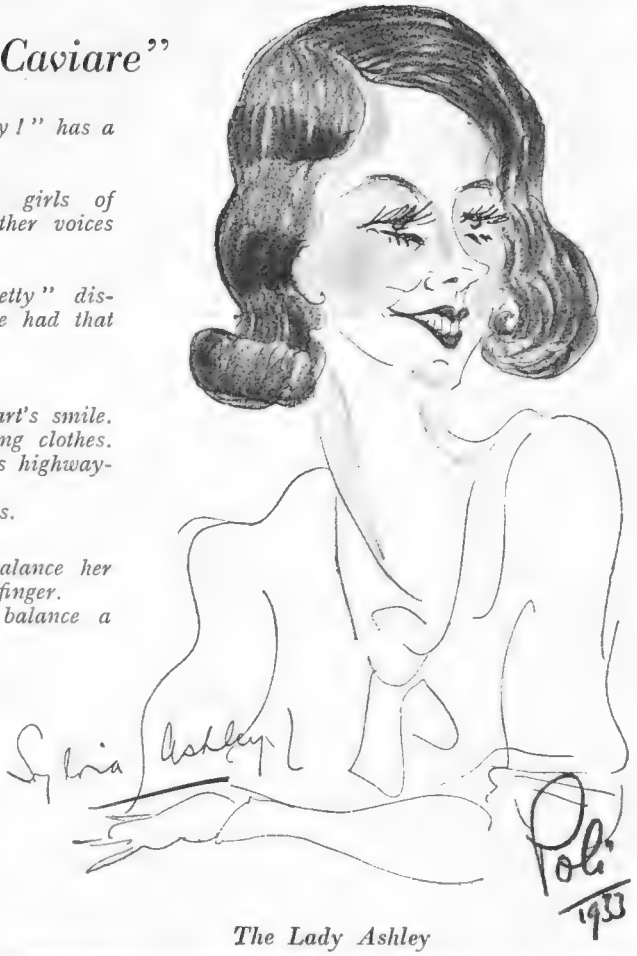
OH! Blonde dancing girls of yester-month hear other voices call——.

WAS a certain "pretty" disappointed when she had that "little gift" valued?

I LIKE—
Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart's smile.
Lady Romilly in golfing clothes.
Mrs. Arthur McGrath's highwayman's hat.
Lady Lymington's socks.

LADY ASTOR can balance her driver (golf) on one finger.
Maurice Baring can balance a glass on his head.
Mrs. Corrigan can stand on her head.
"The Aristocracy at Play" is the title of this par. (without comment).

ALL this excitement over Frank Dobson's perfect figure makes me want to add my selection in bits. Perfect shoulders and torso—Mrs. James Beck. Perfect legs—Lady Castlerosse. Perfect arms—Alanova. Perfect hands—Mrs. Cunningham-Reid. Perfect back—Delysia. And, perhaps, for an all-round perfect figure, I should give the prize to Lady Louis Mountbatten.



The Lady Ashley

Lady Ashley is another victim of Poli's caricaturist pen. Before her marriage in 1927 she was Miss Sylvia Hawkes

Swaebe

Above: the Hon. Brinsley and Mrs. Plunket at the Café de Paris. Mr. Plunket is Lord Plunket's only brother, and a cousin of Miss Olive Plunket, who married Lord Milton last week

Left: Miss Anne Acland Troyte having supper at the Café de Paris in the same party as Lord Ebury

IS a mother and wife saying "No! no!! no!!!"

COMPETITIONS for bar-props.
Who likes cherries?
Who looks wistful until "stood one"?
Who says "Now, that is kind of you" in surprise?
Who murmurs "Well, just this once"?
Who never, never, never pays?

MISS LEONORA BROOKE seems a little nervous when she talks, but looks entrancing. Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnson talks eagerly, and you have to listen. Mrs. Robert Sweeny is grave and has a beautifully toned voice. Mr. "Eddie" Tatham is gay and bright. Mr. Charles Birkin's voice is "tired and finding-things-difficult."

MARKS for good manners to—
Lady Smiley and her brother, Mr. Cecil Beaton.
Mr. Peter Stewart, Lady Pamela Smith, and Mr. Cedric Alexander.

Douglas Fish was good enough, but only just good enough to play for the Chigwellians

Some of the old, old boys' partnerships did not appear too successful

Seen above: D. H. R. Martin, the pocket Hercules of Rugby

Above right: Halford Hewitt, the cup donor, watching the exciting play between Old Carthusians and the rest of the world

Below right: The Hon. F. S. Calthorpe finding it a very hot game for Old Reptonians

Below: The Old Carthusians trainer, Dramatist Ben Travers, with his single-sided shooting-stick taking the sun and freckles

Left: Guy Bennett, on his very short game, and Pelham-Burn, on his very long game, did noble work for Harrow

Halford Hewitt Heroes at Deal

"Jumbo" Leach-Lewis and G. Keith are seen above playing sockets for Old Aldenhamians

J. S. C. Maugham danced the first green all topsy-turvy when Rugby beat Tonbridge by a putt

L. G. Garnett here seen improving the Deal course for the Old Hurst Johnians

Reggie Straker, somewhat filleted these days, and Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, greatly handicapped by a gouty toe, is very kindly lent one of Reggie Straker's shoes

Above: L. B. Wimble, feeling fine and entirely nerveless, going to the 19th for Old Rugbeians

Left: Old Sherburnian, J. S. Becher, having a little trouble with his putter and plus-fours

Right: C. Vian, one of the Old Gregorian team, struggling with one of his best finishes

H. H. Harris's further impressions of competitors in the Old Boys' Tourney for the Tee cup that excites cheers but never inebriates

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

Mr. Edgar Walmisley
"Young Shaftesbury"

THE Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society is to the fore this week: the first night of the production of *Bitter Sweet* took place yesterday evening, and for the rest of the week the Scala Theatre will be full of the House and his wife. And full is the right word; members and their wives, sisters, mothers, aunts and girl-friends always turn out in force to see these shows, which, ever since the Society was formed in 1905, have been really first-class productions. Here, as at the point-to-point, some of the entertainment is supplied by the audience, at any rate for the observer who is amused to notice the curious re-shuffling in personal values that takes place when men are working and when they are playing.

THE Society is amongst the "upper ten" in the amateur dramatic world, and a good many of its ex-stars have since stepped from the wings into the more dazzling glare of the professional footlights. Anna Neagle is one of these; she used to appear in Stock Exchange shows, but in those days was known as Marjorie Robertson. Guy Middleton, who was in *The One Girl* at the Hippodrome, is the son of a member, and so is Billy Spurling, now in revue; they both appeared for the Society in the past. Olive Groves, and Elsie and Everile Spain, who are now in vaudeville, used to stir City hearts as "lovelies" in the yearly productions.

REX Joseph is playing lead this year in *Bitter Sweet*, taking George Metaxa's part. He is a fine singer as well as a good actor; in everyday life he is a jobber, and, incidentally, he had a very fine war record. Walter Hyde, who is not performing this year, is another star, and played the leading part in *The Desert Song*. He is the son of Walter Hyde, the well-known operatic tenor, who is now a professor at the Guildhall School of Music.

Mr. Alan Kirby
The Conductor

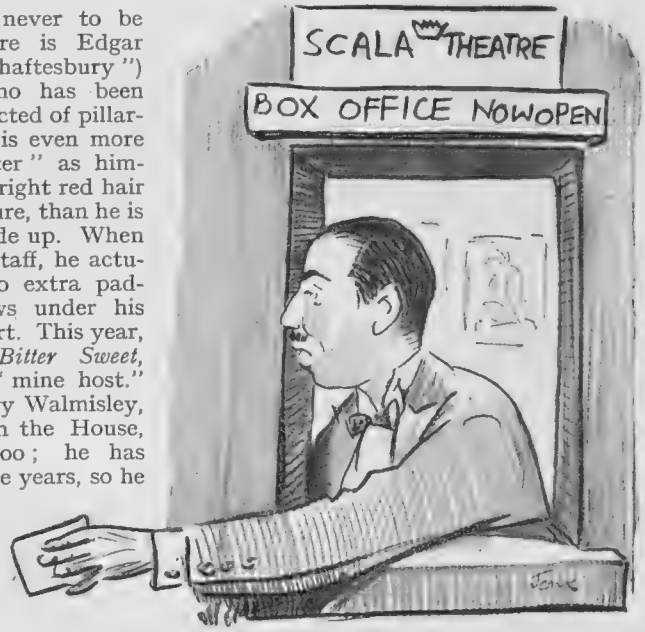
W. H. ALEXANDER and Geoffrey Dunstan are both members of the Society, with more than an average share of talent. W. H. Alexander could have made his fortune on the stage; he is extraordinarily funny—a comedian of the Huntley Wright type. Geoffrey Dunstan, on the other hand, is more serious. He played George Arliss's part in *The Green Goddess*, when the Society produced it. He is a recent recruit to the ranks of Stock Exchange players, but he has had a great deal of amateur experience, and knows all about charity matinées at first-hand.

NEXT, and never to be forgotten, there is Edgar ("Young Shaftesbury") Walmisley, who has been seriously suspected of pillar-cracking. He is even more of a "character" as himself, with his bright red hair and unique figure, than he is when he 's made up. When he played Falstaff, he actually needed no extra padding or pillows under his coat for the part. This year, he is the café-keeper in *Bitter Sweet*, and makes a very good "mine host." His father, Mr. Shaftesbury Walmisley, is the head of the firm in the House, and a great character too; he has been a member for forty-nine years, so he has earned his right to wear eccentric clothes and his own special kind of hat.

THEN about the women who act for the Society. . . . A good many of them are relations of members, but this year the leading actresses are not connected with the House. Peggy Wood's part is being taken by Edith MacDonald, and Ivy St. Helier's by Mrs. Grizel Still. Winifred Lazarus, the wife of George Lazarus, is on the Society's list, and so is Nell Traherne, who has a beautiful voice, and took the lead in *The Desert Song*. The chorus in these shows are extraordinarily good, and run Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, or any other West End chorus, pretty close for looks, singing and dancing. The programme-sellers, who are Stock Exchange appendages, in the shape of sisters, daughters and girl friends, are usually a bit of a beauty chorus too.

OFF-stage personalities include the producer, Frederick Lloyd, who used to produce at Daly's; Leslie Smith, the box-office manager, who works like a Trojan, and whose amusing face might well have taken him on to the stage too; Alan Kirby, who has conducted the orchestra with great success for many years, has a fine style in baton-manipulating and is a very good musician into the bargain; and Hugh Queckett, the secretary of the "Help Yourself" Fund, who has always been a very live wire in the Society, especially in connection with the charities to which its profits go, and still takes a big part in its doings, although he is no longer in active business in the House. And then there is Harry Parks, who presents the bouquets on the last night, and who wouldn't let anyone else take this job on for the world.

THE week's general knowledge poser:—Who said "Apologise!"; and why?



Mr. Leslie Smith
The Box Office Manager

Doing Their First Season

Six Débutantes of the Year

Hay Wrightson

Miss Jean Innes-Kerr

Lord and Lady Alastair Innes-Kerr's only daughter is being presented at one of the May Courts by her mother, and will be "doing the season." Her father is an uncle of the Duke of Roxburghe, and was appointed Equerry-in-Ordinary to the King in 1930

Right: Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall is the daughter of Naomi, Lady Houstoun-Boswall, who will be presenting her at Court, and who is entertaining for her at her attractive house in Cornwall Terrace. Her father was the late Sir George Houstoun-Boswall, who was killed in the war

Peter North

Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall

Lenare

Miss Bridget Vesey

Miss Bridget Vesey is the daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Thomas and Lady Cecily Vesey. Her father is a brother of the present Lord de Vesci, and her mother, who was Lady Cecily Browne, is the younger daughter of the Earl of Kenmare

Claude Harris

Miss Audrey Wheeler

Miss Audrey Wheeler is the débutante daughter of Sir Henry Wheeler, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., and Lady Wheeler. Sir Henry Wheeler had a distinguished career in India, and, among other posts, was Governor of Bihar and Orissa for five years. Lady Wheeler's father was the late Sir Harold Stuart, G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O.

Right: Miss Joan Saunderson is the younger daughter of Mr. John Vernon and the Hon. Mrs. Saunderson, and a niece of Lord Dunleath. She is twenty this year, and is to be presented in May by her mother

Bassano

Miss Joan Saunderson

Bassano

Miss Nina Hood

Captain and Mrs. Oscar Hood's daughter is another débutante of the year. Mrs. Hood, Lady Rose and Mrs. Eric Noble are giving a joint dance for their daughters on May 19th. The Hoods have a house down at Calne, in Wiltshire

The Passing Picture Show

Interest or Capital

By Sydney Tremayne

REFERRING to an inferior industrial film, I recently asked, on this page, "What is the Empire Marketing Board doing?" The answer was almost immediately forthcoming. The Film Society showed an E.M.B. picture, called *The Voice of the World* (by courtesy of New Era Productions), described almost in the same words as those used in the "blurb" introducing the bad and amateurish production aforementioned—"One of the most ambitious industrial documentary films made in England." But this time the ambition was fulfilled. *The Voice of the World* deals with the mechanical, technical and commercial production of gramophone records and their distribution by radio. It is not only brilliant propaganda, but absorbingly interesting and pictorially exciting. If exhibitors are wise, it will be shown throughout England and the world.

But the compilers of cinema programmes seem to have a blind spot in regard to certain reactions of film audiences. A privately taken "census" has confirmed my belief that people of all classes, ages, and mentalities are intensely interested in films which show them, sufficiently brilliantly and graphically, how things which touch their ordinary lives are done. Like Helen's babies, they like to see "the wheels go round." This is a mechanical age and machinery is thrilling and magnificently photogenic.

MR. ARTHUR ELTON, who directed *The Voice of the World*, has not neglected the human element: we see and hear not only the interior of the B.B.C. (sightseeing without locomotive exertion !), but the announcers, the vocalists, actors, and orchestras who contribute to the radio programmes, as well as the operatives in the more mechanical sides of the production of wireless and gramophone records. All these people are admirably chosen and dramatically photographed—as indigenous and significant in the rhythm of the film as the "extras" in the best German productions. The photography, by Mr. George Noble, evokes enthusiasm—every wheel and wire and cog and disc is imbued with beauty of form and movement, light and shade, which make the shots exciting compositions. Finally, one is left almost breathless by the impression of the immensity and complexity of this stupendous organisation, of such recent origin, which fulfils the film's title, *The Voice of the World*, and brings to millions of homes, at the simple turning of one or more small handles, music, drama, humour, and news from all the ends of the earth. That a film of this kind, of such brilliant execution, is of infinitely more interest as a "second feature" than tawdry "ballyhoo" films, slapstick and perfunctory quota pictures, I am sure. Mercifully, a few production units, learning from the success of newsreels, travel and nature-study films, are realising that the public likes fact as well as fiction.

"Sound City," one of the youngest, most enterprising, and most modernly-equipped independent units, who are now working in the new sound studio they have erected in the grounds of Littleton Park, Shepperton, seem inclined to specialise to some extent in what they call "*interest* features." The picture now nearing completion at Shepperton, called *Doss-House*, has all the elements of genuine and topical information about an existent phase of life, with a sufficiently dramatic "human interest" theme. Actual presentation of doss-houses and their patrons is the background for a story about the recapture of an escaped convict, serving a life sentence for murder. A detective and a journalist mingle with the habitual clients of the doss-house and many sidelights on the characters and lives of these men, by no means all of them down-and-outs, transpire before the actual dénouément. Some of the cast are real actors, some of them carefully-chosen types. The manager of an actual doss-house assists in the production, and accuracy of presentment is the keynote.

"No Man of Her Own" is postered as "Gable's Greatest," so his fans must rush to see it. Here he is, Clark Gable himself, as a card-sharper who mends his ways, with Carole Lombard, who plays opposite him in this Paramount film, now at the Plaza

WITHOUT modification, it is impossible to say that one passes from the sublime to the ridiculous, because realism is seldom sublime, and grandiose fantasy is only ridiculous according to one's humour. But from the pictorial appeal of photographed machinery and the "slice of life" depicted in a picture about London's underworld, it is a giant stride to the digestion of a film like *King Kong*, Edgar Wallace's last sacrifice on the American altar of sensationalism. But I believe that the same audiences will appreciate both.

It is the screen's prerogative to make visible, if not tangible, realism outside the orbit of the average filmgoer. It can also encompass the impossible, the most sublime, or grotesque imaginings of the artist, poet, or publicist. Cocteau's *Sang du Poète* is possibly the most provocative and suggestive of filmic dreams. Wallace's *King Kong*, the very title of which is either Spoonerish or Carlylesque, makes the most blatant demands on nightmarish credulity. And yet it reveals the screen's almost infinite capacity.

The conception of prehistoric animals, the enemies of modern humanity, is fantastic. Kong, the giant ape who destroys the monsters as well as humans and is captured by civilised ingenuity, and transported to New York, makes Karloff's impersonations and even Edgar Allan Poe's delirious and tremulous conceptions, flea-bites beside cancers in a conscription of horrors. Whether you are stricken with hysterics of fear or of laughter depends on your gullibility or risibility, but the creation of this robot monster, and its juxtaposition with the Empire Building of New York, is interesting as the highest and largest piece of illusionism on the screen. I thought it amusing. My neighbour, emerging from a horror-stricken and asthmatic trance, said it was "a *capital* film."

London and the Riviera

And Both Sunny

Below: Mr. Michael Arlen and Mr. Somerset Maugham playing in a golf match together over the attractive Cagnes course, near Nice

English Authors and French Golf

Above: H.R.H. Princess Ingrid of Sweden in the garden of the Duke of Connaught's villa at Cap Ferrat, which was open to the public on Easter Sunday; Princess Ingrid is selling lavender to Petty Officers of the Mediterranean Fleet, in aid of the Queen Victoria Hospital at Mont Boron

Left: Mrs. Harriman, one of London's most popular visitors from the U.S.A., and the Comtesse de Fleuriau met and exchanged news while they were out shopping

Mrs. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, who was Miss Pamela Gladstone before her marriage, in the Park with her son and daughter, Jeremy and Philippa, and her two dogs

Swaebe

Another meeting between one shop and another: Lady Manton, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzalan Howard, and a friend

Guardsmen Go Racing

The Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill

Mr. G. C. Gordon-Lennox, who rode for the 3rd Grenadier Guards in the Household Brigade Hunters' Challenge Cup, and his wife, with Mr. C. and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys

Above, left: the Hon. Elizabeth Brand, who is Lord Hampden's third daughter, with Captain T. G. Lindsay

Above, on the right, are Lady Violet Dundas and the Hon. Mrs. Sale, whose husband, Captain Walter Sale, is in the Blues

Left: Lt.-Col. Peter and Lady Moira Combe, talking to Miss Pamela Baker

Miss Jean Milne watches the numbers going up

Lady Marguerite Bligh on her way to the paddock

Above : Miss R. Carr Ellison and Miss Betty Ewing watching the runners for the next race in the ring

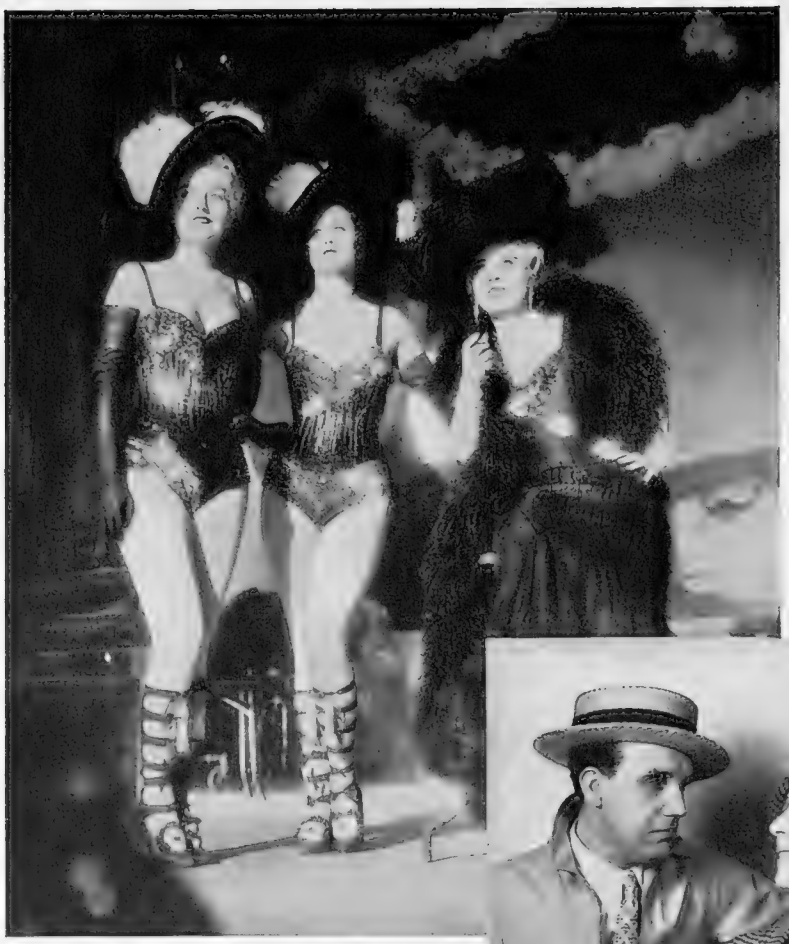
Above, right, is Sir Archibald Weigall walking in the paddock with his daughter, Miss Priscilla Weigall

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and the Hon. Mrs. Broughton on the rails. Mrs. Broughton's husband is in the Blues

Above : Major Duffus, with Lady Chichester, who is interested in greyhound racing as well as horse-racing, and owns some dogs

Left : Mrs. Geoffrey Feilden and Mrs. Philip Dunne sitting out and exchanging news on the first day at Hawthorn Hill

Sharing a race-card : Mrs. Weigall and Miss Violet de Worms, whose check gingham coat can never get by without comment



Where are the Girls of Yester-Year?

Left: a scene from "She Done Him Wrong," staged in the Naughty 'Nineties, a Paramount film showing Lady Lou, "notorious for her love of diamonds," played by Mae West, with two chorus ladies in Gus Jordan's Bowery saloon. After shootings, alarums, and excursions, Lou marries a detective who investigated the spot of trouble

Richard Caldicot, Edith Evans and George Relph as they appear in "Once in a Lifetime," at the Queen's Theatre, the satire on filmland, and one of the most amusing plays to be seen in London

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 10.—Mr. Gordon Richards

WHEN Gordon was a little lad
He got a present from his Dad—
A rocking-horse it was, and he
Derived the very greatest glee
From riding on its wooden back,
And soon acquired so good a knack
At nursing it until the straight
That I am happy to relate
He soon romped home to win in state
The Richards Nursery Selling Plate.

His early liking for his mount
He later put to good account,
For, spurning dull and mundane things,
He turned towards the Sport of Kings
And showed such promise that his name
Soon grew in lustre and in fame
Till knowing people said, "The gee
He's up on is the gee for me!"
And put their shirts with one accord on
The horses ridden by Gay Gordon.

Now he is hailed by peer and serf
As reigning monarch of the Turf,
For he is better far than most
At being first to pass the post,
Provided always that his mount
Is reckoned as of some account.
And so his efforts bring him in
A very large amount of "tin"—
And I, for one, am pleased at that
Since all his working life is "Flat"!

B. W.

If Gossip We

It is only a coincidence, of course, that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should be travelling to New York just the very moment when Prohibition, as we know it, has been cancelled—or, at any rate, vastly modified.

Beer has always been popular in the States. Americans could even drink the strange, watery concoction which I found in New York when I was there earlier in the year. This looked like beer and smelled like beer, and was beautifully served, ice-cold in huge "steins," but it was completely tasteless and a couple of hogsheads would not even have made an anæmic and teetotal curate the worse for alcoholic wear.

It will be some time before things straighten out, though it is not too soon to lower the price of the beer one got, not without difficulty, at certain of New York's more exclusive "speak-easies." Seventy-five cents or a dollar for a bottle of B—ss or Wor———gton is a game of which one may soon grow tired. I discovered one of these places, well-conducted and spotlessly clean, in which a dollar was asked for any drink as a minimum. There is another one where there was a minimum of two dollars, even for a glass of cooking-sherry. These have a long and prosperous life still before them, as the real end of the Prohibition farce is not yet.

THE Premier's American trip has been rather frowned upon by those who think that he is not in the House of Commons enough, and that, in any event, things are sufficiently serious to warrant his keeping in the country, or precious near it.

As for a matter of precedent, when did Palmerston ever go abroad to negotiate humbly with Italians, or Germans, or Americans? For that, virtually, is what the step means.

Never on your life! Old "Pam" had, rightly or wrongly, a sense of intense dignity, both individual and national. He would have made them come to him.

RAMSAY MACDONALD takes a sound couple with him in Sir Robert Vansittart and Sir F. Leith-Ross. The latter, I remember so distinctly in his Oxford days, as "F. W. Leith-Ross," of Balliol, walking daily to and from his rooms in Merton Street, a studious and rather lonely figure. Now, as chief economic adviser to the Government, he has become a very big bug indeed. Burly

Norman Long in

Must . . .

Ramsay the Rover—A Ducal Activity—A Jeremiad in Verse—The Essex Hunt Dinner

and baldish, he can be seen lunching nearly every day at the Union Club, the very personification of dignified officialdom.

I cannot picture Sir Frederick in a "speak-easy."

THERE is a quaint echo in real life of W. S. Gilbert's Duke and Duchess of Plaza-Toro in the decision of the Duke of Montrose to take in paying-guests at Buchanan Castle.

Ivor Novello's play at the Criterion deals, it may be remembered, with a Duke's daughters indulging in a similar form of hospitality. It is far better, though, for great mansions to remain open under such conditions, forced by excessive taxation of all kinds, than to be pulled down or allowed to remain empty, thus throwing a great number of people out of work.

Since the Duke and Duchess will continue to be in residence as hosts, guests will no doubt be chosen with care.

THEIR Graces of Plaza-Toro, among the various lucrative little jobs they were compelled to undertake, made a strong point, I recall, of "Wine for our dinner; yes, wine for our dinner."

The village nearest to the castle is called "Drymen," which has an ominous sound. But the word "Buchanan" should act as an antidote. Buchanan Castle, by the way, is a fairly modern structure, with no historical associations. But from all accounts, it is uncommonly comfortable.

SIR JEREMIAH COLMAN, on the other hand, has been forced, not by taxation but by the building octopus, to give up all connection with the pretty Surrey village of Glatton, of which he has long been Squire. This has impelled him to a poem, after the fashion of the Arab's farewell to his steed.

In that effort I find, to quote Dr. Johnson, "little poetry, but much affection." Sir Jeremiah bewails having to "lay down the sceptre of parish dominion," which justifies more than one jeremiad, since the sceptre has been used with nothing but advantage to all concerned.

Glatton and the surrounding neighbourhood had been preserved as a beauty-spot, from which what are known as jaded Londoners—for it is within easy distance—reaped much advantage. And "Squiah Jeremiah" is the most

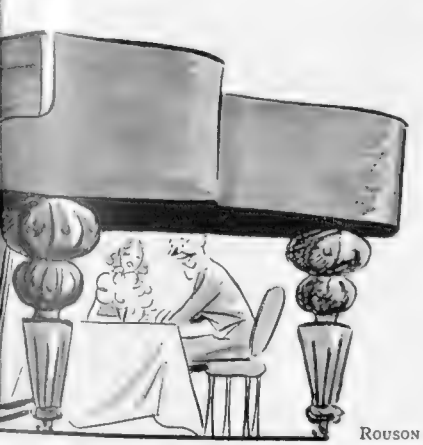
Right: Elisabeth Bergner, the famous German tragedienne, who will shortly figure in an English film. On the stage she has played in "St. Joan" and "The Constant Nymph," and made her first talkie appearance in London in "The Dreaming Mouth"

Sasha

Elisabeth Bergner

Listening to a Carroll

Athole Stewart and Agatha Carroll, an actress new to the West End, as they appear in the revival of Frederick Lonsdale's witty play, "On Approval," at the Strand Theatre



ROUSON

the Round

Left: a song, a smile, and a piano at the Ace of Spades. Norman Long caught by our artist entertaining at the opening of the new club in the Kingston Bye-pass restaurant

Ernest Thesiger, the actor, inspects the new striped shorts on Lord Selby's advice, at the opening of the new Man's Shop at Jaeger House, Oxford Street, at a cocktail party at which Lord Selby, Sir Basil Bartlett, the Hon. Peter Spencer, and Mr. Dale Bourne were acting as hosts

Sasha

The Importance of Being Ernest

generous of sportsmen. Now, thanks to the march of Democracy, all that has to go.

Yet there are still some spots, not too far from London, which are remote and unspoiled. Most of them are to be found in Essex and in the country of the Essex Hunt. The Hunt have just held their annual "wiring and ditching" dinner, followed by a ball and a cabaret. Again it was a great success and proved that the shires do not have it all their own way when it comes to the *Tantivy Towers* stuff. The pink coats outnumbered the black in a way that would have brought joy to the soul of Mr. Cecil Aldin.

Below: prize-giving after a gymkhana on board the s.s. Lapland, which leaves London on June 17th on a "Bystander" cruise, when Madeira and Las Palmas and Teneriffe will be visited. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, or the usual travel agencies

Prize-Giving Aboard the s.s. Lapland

Mr. Frank Gilbey—there were plenty of Gilbeys—made an amusing speech as Secretary, with the cheering announcement that the Essex Hunt, unlike many other packs of foxhounds, had wound up the season with a financial balance well on the right side. Colonel Gosling, despite his years, thereupon stood on his head, and there was a sound of revelry by night in the midst of the Rodings.

Large parties came from Little Hallingbury Park, Colville Hall, and other places in the neighbourhood, and the really brilliant cabaret included Miss Mimi Crawford, Mr. Morris Harvey, Mr. Parry Jones, Mr. Charles Hayes, and Mr. Guy Church (architect and humourist). To linger longer at Ongar was a great temptation.

And now, all over the country, hunting people will have to solve the problem of where to go in the summer time.

Dear genial Fred Terry's last years were clouded with sorrow; but he never complained, never lost courage. At the Green Room Club, where he was immensely popular, he was always ready to listen to the woes and grumbles of younger actors, and was the first to come forward to give a helping hand to those who had fallen by the wayside.

On the stage, he was full of that indefinable touch of romance which belonged to the theatre of an earlier and, I think, a better day. He was a "pro," and intensely proud of being one. With him the theatre and its great traditions were everything. The only times I found his kindliness leaving him was when he discussed the tendency of so many players of to-day to become semi-apologetic about their calling and to be more proud of social or athletic activities.

As an actor, Fred Terry has, I think, been under-rated. That was partly his own fault in that he elected for years to associate himself mainly with *The Scarlet Pimpernel*—a good enough play of its kind, but not of a very high kind. Occasionally he broke away from the provincial peregrinations of the *Pimpernel* and essayed a London season, but he rarely struck a winner.

In classic comedies he was superb. He could wear the costumes of the picturesque past as if he had never worn anything else, and not as if he were a stock-broker going to a fancy-dress ball.

Sasha

"Mannish regalia by Jaeger's impeccable talia"

Above: more of those present at the cocktail party at Jaeger House, where the whole of Smart Young London turned up in force: Mr. E. S. Gilbert, Mr. Duncan Millar, Mrs. Duncan Millar (designer of the shop), and Mr. Humphrey Tomalin (director and grandson of the founder)

Mr. Arthur Lambton's chief activity has been the Crimes Club, and those who have attended the Club's dinners and discussions are to be envied. I have been fortunate enough to be a fairly frequent visitor, so I was not surprised to find a large portion of Mr. Lambton's latest book, *Galanty Show*, which has just been published, devoted to criminology.

I quite agree with Mr. Lambton's tribute to Crippen. Dr. Crippen was not, in intention, a murderer. A year or two before he was arrested I met him several times. Although the fact that he was a mild, inoffensive little man is no proof that he did not kill his wife, that acquaintance made me inclined to endorse everything said at a Crimes Club debate by no less an expert than the late Sir Edward Marshall-Hall.

Sir Edward's theory was that Crippen administered sedatives to the somewhat obstreperous Mrs. Crippen, inadvertently gave her an overdose, and acted with suicidal foolishness in getting into a panic and cutting up the poor lady's body. This is not an attempt to whitewash Crippen; but, as an explanation, it is at least reasonable.

"Room for his Shadow On the Grass (let it pass), Room for the Great God" —KONG!

A Prehistoric Monster in Modern New York

King Kong, the fifty-foot gorilla, who holds all New York in terror, gives his name to the film based on Edgar Wallace's last story, which is now at the Coliseum. The world of a million years ago and New York to-day provide the materials of this wildly sensational film. Fay Wray, the heroine, falls into the clutches of the monster, who crushes aeroplanes and motors and humans with his hand, but the Providence that guards all film heroines sees that she is saved for the happy ending

Sitting on the terrace at the Golf Hotel: son and his attractive American wife,

The first place to look for anyone just before lunch-time is the Normandy Bar—they're certain to be there

Left: Captain and Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston were among the Easter week-enders at Le Touquet, and, of course, played golf

Below: Mr. F. A. White, Mrs. Ernest de Rougemont, Mr. de Rougemont, Mr. J. Turner, Mrs. White, and Mrs. Duncan Harvey who was one of the people who flew over for the week-end

Lord and Lady Churston have tea for two under an umbrella big enough for half a dozen. Lady Churston was Miss Betty du Pre, and was married this year

At Le Touquet for Easter

The World, his Wife, and his Girl Friend

Mr. "Patsy" Richard-nd Mrs. Adela Deacon

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Lyon on the steps of their hotel. Mr. Lyon is the captain of the Gloucestershire Eleven

Above: a morning foursome on the golf links were Miss Katherine Horlick, Mr. Teddy Phillips, Miss Ursula Horlick, Mr. Wagg, and Mrs. Anthony Crossley

Left: a group outside the clubhouse, including Lord Willoughby de Broke, Major Musker, Miss Iris Ashley, Miss Johnson, Captain Kyle, and Mr. Thomas

Right: Mrs. Richard Sutton, Mr. Robin Wilson, and the Hon. George Ward sitting out while someone else drives off the tee

Watching Someone Else "Doing their Stuff"

Another couple who spent a good deal of their Easter playing golf were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Joicey (Miss Violet Loraine)

A foursome on their way to the next tee; Miss Susan Drage, Lord Portarlington, who always "follows the swallows" to the place of the moment, Mr. Drage, who is Miss Drage's father, and Miss Rennie-Hayter

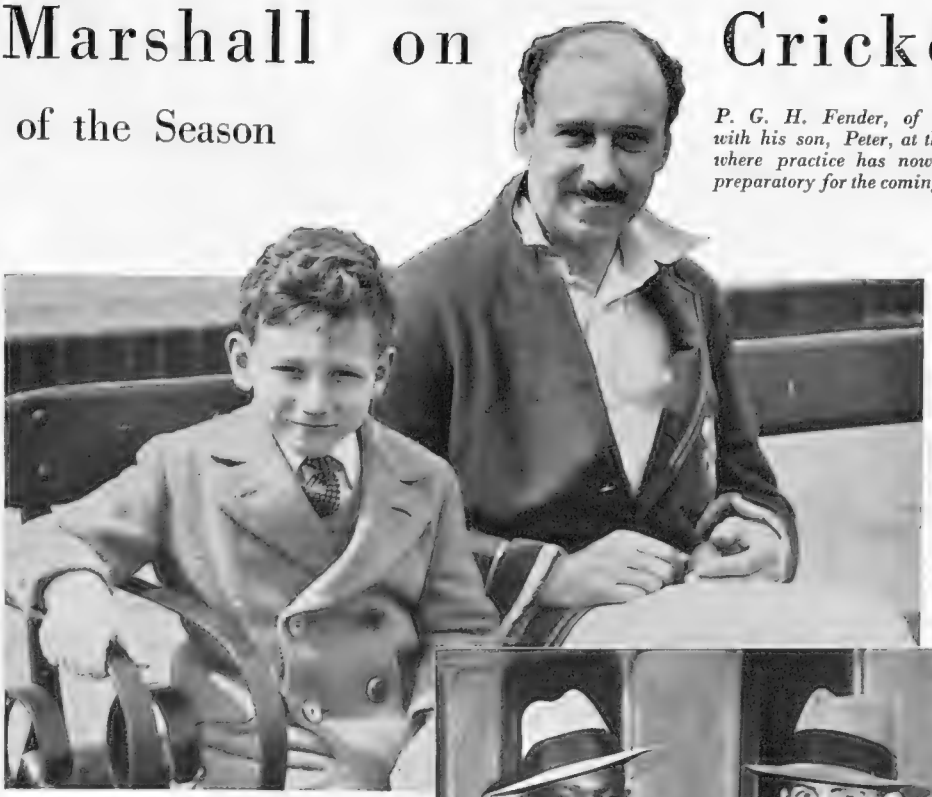
PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

Modelled and Designed by ZEC

No. 17: SIR WILLIAM MORRIS, Bart., D.C.L.

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The Start of the Season



P. G. H. Fender, of Surrey, with his son, Peter, at the Oval, where practice has now started preparatory for the coming season

"Following in Father's Footsteps"

I ALWAYS become a little sentimental at the beginning of the cricket season. My imagination shakes itself free from the muddy trammels of Rugby football, and goes cavorting over sunlit meadows, pausing now and again to refresh itself by dipping into the immortal works of Nyven and Pycroft and brave Dean Hole.

It will be pleasant, I think to myself, to sit in the mellow light of evening at Lord's, when runs are coming easily, or to stroll in midsummer round the parks while Oxford play the Foresters. It will, I muse, be enthralling to watch Hammond in his glorious maturity, and to fall again beneath the spell of Woolley, most graceful of magicians. A rich game, this cricket of ours, and yet, when the time comes, it may be that rain will have the last word in the story.

I CANNOT help feeling, though, that we are due for a fine summer. Last year, you will doubtless remember, May played us false, June was little better, and even July was fickle, so that we began to say that the seasons had shifted, and that never again should we bask in sunshine through the summer months. A depressing theory, and I don't propose to believe it yet awhile.

THE weather, unfortunately, is vitally important this year, for many county clubs are passing through hard times, and need a bumper year to put them on their feet again. What is more, in 1934, body-line bowling permitting, the Australians visit us once more, and the spade-work of shaping the English team will have to be done this summer.

An interesting season, then, lies before us, though let me say at once that I intend to steer clear of the body-line controversy until we have some definite information from D. R. Jardine himself. The Australians have said their piece about it, and said it, to my mind, singularly uncouthly; now we have to wait for the rest of the evidence. I only hope we shall not have to wait too long before the authorities issue a full statement and settle the matter once and for all. Incidentally, it will be a great pity if Larwood's injured foot keeps him out of the game, though I gather that we may reasonably expect him to be fit again fairly soon.

BY the time these notes appear the West Indian cricketers who are over here this summer will have played their first practice match, and we shall have watched them with great interest. As far as I can make out from those who have had experience of the game in the West Indies, our visitors are unlikely to spring any real surprises upon us, though we know that in G. Headley they have a batsman of the highest class. Unfortunately, L. N. Constantine, most agile of cricketers, will be unable to turn out for them very often, and I have heard it said that the side includes too many players verging on the veteran stage. This is rather disquieting, for the tour will be a severe ordeal, especially when we remember that in the West Indies cricket is mainly a Saturday-afternoon affair.

I have no doubt, however, that the tourists will acquit themselves well. G. C. Grant, the old Cambridge Blue, who captains them, is a great enthusiast, and he has had considerable experience of leadership. If we cannot expect the West Indians to win a Test Match against England—they have three Test Matches, by the way—we can at least be certain that they will play free and attractive cricket.

NOW what of the counties? I take it that Yorkshire will be strongly in the running for the Championship again, especially if Sutcliffe, Leyland, Verity and Bowes are not overtired after their Australian adventures. A great side, Yorkshire, and now that Duleepsinhji has definitely decided that he must rest himself this season, it is difficult to see who is to dislodge them.

Sussex made a valiant bid last year, but Sussex without Duleepsinhji are by no means so formidable. They are fortunate in having R. G. S. Scott to take over the captaincy, and if Scott continues to improve as he did last summer, we may well hear something of him in representative matches.

I ALWAYS hope that Surrey will show some consistency, and if they are at full strength, I shall hope so again during the coming months. With Jardine to lead them and Hobbs to start the batting on the big occasions, and an attack which includes both subtlety and speed, they should be formidable enough in all conscience. Allom is a useful bowler in county cricket, and so is Gover, while three spin-merchants like F. R. Brown, P. G. H. Fender, and Gregory make up a reasonably complete armoury.

We shall watch Brown a little anxiously. He was disappointing in Australia, though that was not altogether unexpected. His length is erratic, and his command of spin by no means perfect, but he has the makings of a great bowler in him.

MIDDLESEX are another inconsistent side, though, if all their amateurs—such players as R. W. V. Robins, E. T. Killick, G. O. Allen, G. T. S. Stevens, H. J. Enthoven, and I. A. R. Peebles—could turn out regularly, they might even give Yorkshire a run for their money.

But there—this speculating about county chances is unprofitable work. We shall soon have something more definite to go upon in the meanwhile, we shall be better employed in propitiating the Clerk of the Weather.

Our Visitors

G. Headley, the Bradman of the team, and G. C. Grant, an old Cambridge Blue, and the Captain of the West Indian cricketers, who are touring in England this summer, photographed on their arrival at Paddington

Fool's Paradise! Headmaster Robin Claydon (Cecil Parker) pours out cocktails for his masters, Chetwood (Tony Bruce), complete with flower; Weyland (Griffith Jones), and Mann (Gilbert Davis), who has had trouble with his tie. Robin is oblivious to the feelings of his dipsomaniac sports master (Raymond Massey) towards Joan Claydon (Gladys Cooper), his wife

At the Theatre

"The Rats of Norway"

"THE best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley" is a motto which gave a popular play of a previous generation its title. It would have been better to call *The Rats of Norway* something less baffling—say, *Rats and Men*.

For the two women characters in Miss Gladys Cooper's latest production at the Playhouse are both of them rats. One a well-dressed and dazzlingly beautiful rat; the other faithful and snivelling and whiney-piney, not unlike Reresby the Rat in *The Breed of the Treshams*, as I often saw it played in the rather long ago. Both gnawed their way into the affections of two men; but only one turned round and showed fight, as rats will. The other merely became as miserable as a drowned rat; yet she, too, hung on in a feeble way, and got there just the same.

Saying it with music! The new arrival, Stevan Beringer (Laurence Olivier), and Tilly Shane (Helen Spencer) finding romance among the scattered leaves—of music

"THE RATS OF NORWAY" is an extremely good play, and, shorn of its uncertainties and Norwegiosity and long spells of darkness, hardly relieved by near-Sibelius or a gramophone, it would be better still. Those whose knowledge of plays about schools is confined to *Vice Versa* and *Young Woodley* will find this an improvement, with certain resemblances to the latter. Here there is not the calf-love of a schoolboy for the master's wife, but the very mature and very animal love (the play is of the realistic and outspoken school, which leaves nothing to the imagination) of an assistant master for the wife of the Head.

Mrs. Claydon was, though as lovely as Aphrodite herself, what a female calf becomes when it grows up. I have already called her a rat—so I leave the choice. Rarely has Miss Cooper loaded herself with so unsympathetic a part. She snapped at her husband, a decent sort of fellow, though not a master of humorous epigram. She treated the undermasters like little boys. We do not learn how she treated the little boys (whom we do not see, but only hear—gramophonically), but I would be interested to learn the nickname they had for her. For little boys have an uncanny instinct for going straight to the bull's-eye in such matters.

Only towards the drunken, shell-shocked, but very capable, Sebastian did Mrs. Claydon unbend. She unbent in the recesses of a neighbouring wood (again, little is left to the imagination). and when winter made her amorous walks abroad uncomfortable, she realised, and told Sebastian, that what was "all right in the summer time" was spoiled by mud, cold, and rain from, say, October to March.

She refused to run away with him, for she would have lost money and position. When he staggered in from a whiskified ride on a motor-bike to die of a heart-attack on her bed, she spared her husband nothing, but dragged him in to torture him with the tale of her infidelity.

THE minor rat was Tilly, an assistant mistress, who, having got her teeth into another assistant master, held him with an excess of puling affection which made him rather sick. These two were bores, though the parts are drawn brilliantly and played to perfection by Miss Helen Spencer and Mr. Laurence Olivier.

Mr. Raymond Massey is obviously the actor for Sebastian: when properly suited, as he is here, he is in the very front rank. Other assistant masters form the necessary contrasts, though how one of them, a diabolically exact study of degeneracy by Mr. Tony Bruce, was not sacked when his first term was an hour old I cannot imagine.

A morbid, gloomy, uneven play. But a good one. I could see it again.

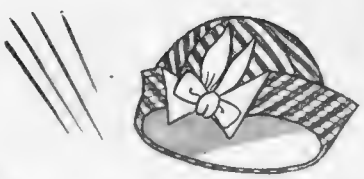
A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

MRS. WOOLF BARNATO, the American wife of the famous sportsman, wears with distinction a simple evening gown which greatly becomes her dark good looks. It was specially designed by Tora in an uncrushable Celanese crêpe printed in brown on a white ground, and is an excellent example of English chic sponsored by a cosmopolitan woman who knows

Dorothy Wilding

Summer Ensembles and



THE figure shown above is wearing a blue and white striped linen dress which may also be obtained in other colours: it costs only 27/9 and is extremely well cut. On the left is shown its matching hat: this has a turned-up brim, and a white bow, and costs 15/11. An alternative shape in a different stripe costs 19/11, and the striped parasol, which may also be obtained in a variety of colour combinations, costs 6/11. All these summer accessories come from Robinson and Cleaver

Some New Accessories

Scaions Studios

ANOTHER summer gown from Robinson and Cleaver designed for informal dinner wear is carried out in pale green and white: it may also be obtained in other colours and costs 4½ guineas. On the right is seen a group of accessories from Fortnum and Mason. The rope waistbelt is very smart with beach pyjamas, price 18/6; a blue, pink and white striped lisle thread jumper, price 39/6, may also be obtained in other colours, and a pair of tennis shoes, with crêpe rubber soles, is carried out in white and red, green, or blue

Summer waves cling closely to the head and curls are brushed forward

Cannons of Hollywood

This charmingly coiffured head is the work of Emile of Conduit Street, whose soft permanent wave and excellent setting can be guaranteed to retain its line

Books of the Week

A Count Who Would a-Wooing Go : By "Ericus"

MUNCHAUSEN, Casanova, Pepys, and Boswell's Johnson. "Take of these elements all that is fusible," and so on, remembering always to maintain a ratio of three parts of the first-named pair of ingredients to one of the remainder. Add a large pinch of salt to taste. And the "Residu-Um" will be the Count de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine, Knight of Malta, etc., etc., at one time, just for a day or two, King of Bulgaria.

Miss Stella Benson first met the Count in 1930, a pauper in a Hong Kong hospital, his pockets devoid of cash, but bursting with stories. These stories she has collected into a book, *Pull Devil, Pull Baker* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). A remarkable book indeed, written in the main by the Count, whose style and spelling betray a lofty impatience beyond the trivialities of mere orthodoxy, with Miss Benson as Editor, her principal duty in the rôle of Devil being to apply a diplomatic brake on the Baker's wilder flights of fancy. As for the Baker's history—according to himself.—he was a "good-known men" of an ancient and honourable French family, settled in Russia since the French Revolution, and was an officer in the Russian "Horses Guard," and "Guards Hussard," both of which regiments he financially made too hot to hold him. Later he was exiled to Siberia on account of his revolutionary leanings—"We had only to dethron the Tsar and to came to a republic federation as United States of America, but Russian peaple are not cleaver yankes." He escaped and ranged Europe, leaving a trail of creditors in his wake—"Those triky sons of Israel," he calls them—and making, en passant, a bold bid for the Bulgarian throne, a bid which was abruptly terminated by the Tsar's order for his arrest. In fact, his career, all over the world, seems to have been punctuated by "noks" at the door heralding the arrival of the Tsar's agents. No wonder he refers to his sovereign as "this dunkey-Tsar-despôte." In America, whither he fled in 1892, "America where everyone rich as poor run after the dollars," he embraced a financial undertaking which brought him in as much as two hundred thousand dollars in five months, was beggared and fought as a volunteer in the Spanish-American War. "The world for him," as his Editor remarks, "was really nothing but a series of frying-pans and fires"—a statement the Count endorses with a quotation on the subject from Napoleon, "From great to ridicul is only one step." Later he married an American woman in London, a marriage "who was assisted by H.R.H. the prince of Walsh, the first gentlemen of the most gentl contry on erd," but which, despite the royal blessing, appears to have had the direst financial consequences, leading eventually to his present state of destitution.

But, startling as is his life's history, it is when he gets down to his "loving stories" that the Count really spreads himself. So much so that one regrets the iron censorship Miss Benson has seen fit to impose upon him. The tale that most took my fancy is that of The Bigamist, who, on the sheep-as-for-a-lamb principle, repeated his offence with the greatest ingenuity no fewer than eleven times. The Count's magnificent efforts are ably seconded by Miss Benson's witty commentary. You need not believe one word of their book, but you must most certainly read it.

Bassano

Daphne du Maurier

whose new novel, "The Progress of Julius," has been published by Heinemann, and is here reviewed. Miss du Maurier is the wife of Major F. M. Browning, D.S.O.

Right: Princess Paul Troubetzkoy, whose novel, "Storm Tarn," deals with the types found in Westmorland, which is her native county. This book is published by Graysons

THE tale of the mutiny in H.M.S. Bounty, which occurred in the South Seas one hundred and fifty years ago, is in itself thoroughly well worth the telling, and a good, if not a perfect, job has been made of it by Messrs. Charles Nordoff and James Norman Hall in *Mutiny* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Their story is in fictional guise, as recounted by one of the Bounty's midshipmen, and covers the entire scope of the mutiny from the time the good ship left Spithead for Tahiti, to the discovery, twenty years later, of the survivors on Pitcairn Island. The authors have an intimate knowledge of the South Sea Islands, and have, with pardonable enthusiasm, fairly saturated their book in local colour. A pity, I feel, for one is apt to regard it as padding for a story that is quite capable of standing on its own merits.

John Everard, Orange Street

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

HERE they are, the Old Firm, large as life and twice as natural, Bulldog Drummond and Co., plus a fresh partner, in Ronald Standish, another familiar name, unless my memory betrays me. "Sapper" is up to all his old tricks in *Knock Out* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and has even invented some new ones, including a "killer" that is a model of ingenuity. Here is a swift, robust, dramatic story, which goes with a tremendous swing from the first killing to the final clean-up, and an author who is still in a class of his own at this sort of thing. But may I make one suggestion, for which there is no charge? The concealment of Mrs. Merridick's identity would have added considerably to the dramatic effect of the finale.

OF all the unpleasant people I have met in recent fiction, I hand the palm, herewith, to Julius Lévy, the villainous hero of Miss Daphne du Maurier's third novel, *The Progress of Julius* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Cold, calculating, and completely heartless, he sacrifices everybody and everything to his colossal egotism. Friends, mistress, wife, daughter, all tread the same tragic road, so that one positively gloats over the tyrant's sordid end. This is an intensive, relentless, and extremely well-informed character-study. You will abominate Julius, but it proves the author's cleverness that, despite this, it will not prevent you from taking a lively interest in his progress—Miss du Maurier sees to that.

Halford Hewitt Memories

The Old Boys at Deal

K. F. Baker and C. C. Griffiths, who both played for the Old Cholmelians, second round victims

F. White, one of the Chigwellian team, and C. D. P. Thres, Old Cranleighans, who won the match

Below: A. S. Hoare, of the Old Bradfieldians, and E. F. Storey, a mainstay of the Old Salopians team

Above: the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, Old Reptonians, J. G. Barrington-Ward, and R. W. Hartley, partners for Old Westminsters, and D. Smythe, Old Reptonians

Above: F. A. Allan and A. Eardley-Wilmot, of the Old Gregorians, which team failed to survive the first round

Left: A. H. Knowles, K. W. Konstam, and N. G. Wykes, three of the Old Oundelian team

Below: J. T. Louch, Old Felstedians, I. R. Patey, Old Malburians, L. J. Sheering, Old Felstedians, and H. C. Neilson, Old Malburians, who met in deadly combat in the third round, when the Old Felstedians won

Above: W. R. Westhead and W. K. T. Hope, Old Oundelians, waiting at the first tee. The Old Oundelians were beaten by the Old Foresters in the second round by three matches to two

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

WHAT is it that entices a man to go into the House of Commons? Self-interest, I suppose, in some cases, self-advertisement in others. But for most men it is probably the desire to do a job of work that has more than a material value to it; and, perhaps, even more compelling, is the ceaseless shifting of interest from one subject to another so that one never knows what to expect next. The variety of political life can only be appreciated by those who are living it.

Traffics and Discoveries

Lord Ashfield, the creator of the Underground and Omnibus combine, who is likely to be the Chief of London's Traffic Services when the Passenger Transport Bill becomes law

Photos Lenare

The Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell

The Hon. Somerset Maxwell

only son of Lord and Lady Farnham, adopted as Conservative candidate for King's Lynn. Left: his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell, who, before her marriage, was Miss Susan Roberts, only daughter of Captain Marshall Roberts and Mrs. Irene Roberts

TO-DAY we are concentrated on the Budget. The week before Easter we were concerned almost entirely with affairs abroad. Russia, Germany, America, China and Japan, India, Ireland, have each held the stage during the past six months until, in turn, each was hurried off to be forgotten while the next problem faced us.

AT home the ghastly tragedy of three million unemployed seems to be in danger of being dismissed merely through continuous repetition. Repetition is as conducive to sleep as it is to action. I always feel that Cato must have had an immense range of expression for his "Delenda est Carthago."

MR. CHURCHILL is the Cato of to-day with the National Government as his Carthage. He is its severest critic, and, maybe, its sincerest. Nothing, I believe, would dismay the Socialists more than to be called upon to take office at the present time.

RUMOUR has it that Mr. Alexander, the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, is planning an assault on Transport House. He has the immense power of the Co-operative Movement behind him, and he is personally popular, though his personality is a trifle colourless. It will be interesting to watch developments. How far Mr. Lansbury would go to retain the Parliamentary Leadership is the most speculative point of all.

MR. MACDONALD has the great advantage of having no rival to be carefully watched and guarded against for the simple reason that no one to-day wants to be Premier. Those who do cast covetous eyes on Number 10 are content to bide their time until a more favourable season. Prosperity will bring forth a crop of candidates for the post.

MEANWHILE, the Government's Committee of Co-operation are getting to work, the first fruits of Mr. Hore-Belisha's tactics of the past year. The Conservative members, Lord Stonehaven and Captain Margesson, are the weakest of the teams, and if they don't look out, though I am sure Co-operation and not competition is the Committee's watchword, the majority party in the Commons will be agreeing to minority representation in the constituencies. I understand a satisfactory division of the country's safe seats is the first question to come up for discussion.

KING'S NORTON is in the market now, alongside West Birmingham. But I doubt very much if either will agree to ready-made candidates sent from Party Headquarters, nor do I think we shall have Sir Herbert Austin standing again.

MEMBERS who have been spending the vacation in their constituencies tell me that they have heard strong criticism of the action of Sir Robert Horne, Sir Reginald Mitchell-Banks and Mr. W. S. Morrison in refusing to serve on the India Joint-Select Committee because their interests outside Parliament would not allow them to. I am very glad there is criticism of this sort; so are most members, for it is entirely justified.

SIR ROBERT HORNE would doubtless agree that his political activities have substantially aided him in business. Sir Reginald Mitchell-Banks would probably not be a Knight and Recorder of Wigan had he not been a Member of Parliament. Mr. Morrison is the best of the three. Yet he can find time to be Sir Thomas Inskip's Parliamentary Private Secretary, and it was but a few months ago that he was elected Chairman of the 1922 Committee. He seems to accept positions of personal importance easily enough.

THERE is a general feeling of satisfaction with the work of Sir Kingsley Wood at the Post Office. He is being a far more successful Minister than was predicted. He has forsaken the Under-Secretary petty back-chat mind we suffered from while he was at the Ministry of Health, and is developing breadth. I hasten to add—mentally; for Sir Kingsley's stature reminds me of the story of another member, smaller and broader, who, on rising to make his maiden speech, was told that he must stand up. To which, naïvely, he asked; "On what?"

They Didn't Miss Deal

The Lord Brassey Challenge Cup Tournament

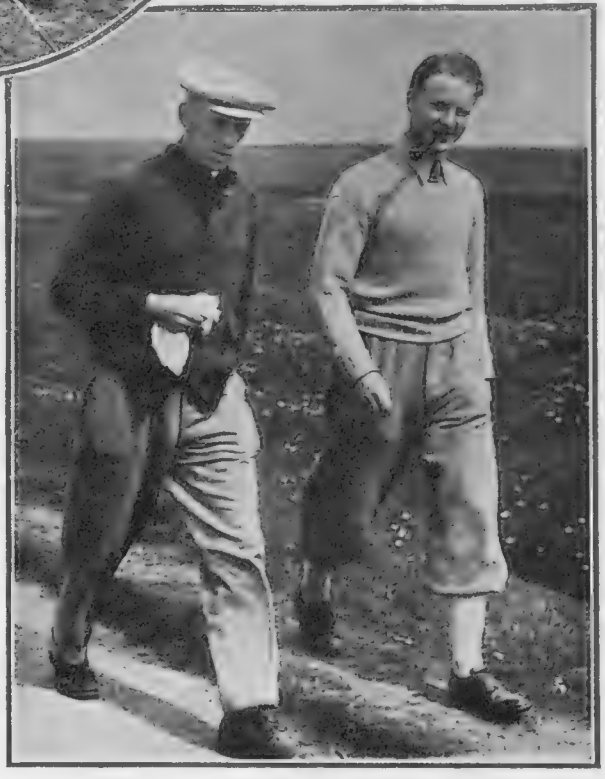
Left : G. Simpson, in the spotted pull-over, talking to L. F. Hovil

Above : J. V. Hitchcock (runner-up), who was beaten by V. ffennell Smith, with R. W. Usher

Right : G. E. V. Crutchley caught by the camera with Captain R. H. Quill

Above : R. H. N. Saunders seen with Major J. A. MacDonald

Above : Captain C. S. Lousada and V. G. Smith taking an easy at the 16th tee



Right : J. E. T. Burrows and V. ffennell Smith, who was the ultimate winner by three and two, going to the 19th

D. Newton-King and Sir L. Hammond, two more competitors for the Lord Brassey Challenge Cup at the Royal Cinque Ports Club, going to the 16th green

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

Mainly About Le Touquet

I SAID on this page last week that as I did not know the result of the Halford Hewitt Cup, I could not discuss the final at the time of writing. I must apologise for the delay in discussing this important matter, but owing to the Easter holidays it was necessary for last week's issue to go to press very early, so we could not wait for the Monday final to be played in order to include it in my notes of that date. But it is with very great pleasure that I have to record that Rugby won the Halford Hewitt Cup for the first time, and thus added the famous name to those of Eton, Harrow, and Charterhouse, who previously had farmed the event between them. About this result I can only say that most of the four hundred or so who were down at Deal were very pleased; not because they have any animosity to Harrow (indeed, of the cracks, Harrow is one of the most popular of all the teams), but because it is thoroughly to the good of the competition that a school which, hitherto, has not been victorious, should break into the triumvirate of schools whose successes were becoming almost monotonous. Harrow should be commiserated with in that they got so far without ultimate success, but their turn has come, and no doubt will come again—and this last remark will apply with equal force to Rugby.

RUGBY has a side which is very level: their last pair are probably as good as their first, and, should they play each other, a thoroughly good match would result. A side which can boast of such an excellence all through was bound to come to the top some day, and has done so this year; and there seems no particular reason why Rugby should not go on doing so, provided that the standard of the players remains on the same high level.

BUT enough of the Halford Hewitt Cup for this year. Let me finally reiterate that it is probably the most popular competition of the year, and that all the four hundred who were there are looking forward to the next festival.

EASTER is always a time when golf courses are crowded and special competitions are run by most of the clubs. If it is accompanied also by the beautiful weather of this year, a new and violent keenness comes to scratch and eighteen-handicap players alike, and it is a great send-off for the spring and summer season. Many golfers and others migrate just across the Channel to Le Touquet, where they can partake of almost every form of physical exercise—and an acute form of mental exercise at the Casino. I went there myself this year for the first time in my life, and it most certainly will not be my last if I can possibly help it. I went there largely because I had heard so much about the new course from golfers of all calibres.

I THINK I am right in saying that it has only been open for two years: it was laid out by Mr. Colt and his efficient partners. I confess to feeling usually most friendly to Colt courses, and this new one at Le Touquet offers no exception. It is very long, indeed; I think, as a matter of fact, that it was playing long this week-end, which was surprising in view of the dry weather which they have been enjoying; but even played not from the back tees, but from those which might be described as medium, it struck me as being rather on the long side. I played one round from the back tees and, frankly, I thought it was then definitely much too long. I suppose, in the summer-time, when the ground is faster, this objection comes out, but at the moment some of the holes are so long that they are easy fives and very problematical fours, which does not seem to me to be quite suitable for what might be termed "Casino golf"; which is, after all, what most people seek when they go to Le Touquet to play.

The old course remains ideal for this purpose, however. It is short, but good shots have got to be played on it the whole time in order to do a good score, and the drive has to be placed so as to make the approach easy.

ON re-reading what I have written, I think perhaps that I have been a little hard on the new course. I do not wish to convey the impression that the golf is not good, because it is quite definitely excellent. All the shots are interesting, and, in order to make the game easier (for it is never easy on this course), the drive has to be placed just as on the old course; but if you have been up half the night at the Casino, no matter how good a golfer you may be, you will, I think, be doing your best, and prefer to get a starting-time on the old course.

YET there is no doubt that Le Touquet golf—both on the new and the old—is of a great deal higher standard than, personally, I had expected to find. The French Championship was last year played on the new course, and resulted in a win for probably the best golfer in the field—which is as it should be. Frankly, I should think that the best golfer in the field is more likely to win on the new course at Le Touquet than on most courses, for he gets a definite advantage. He has not necessarily (this may sound paradoxical, but I will attempt to explain in a moment) got to be long, but he must be very, very straight.

THE long hitter gets a certain advantage, but most long hitters are not terribly straight, and the man who goes just off the fair-way can, and usually does, find himself in a whole heap of trouble. None of the approaches are ever simple, even to the good golfer playing really well: a loose shot at any moment will almost certainly mean the loss of the hole, provided the other man can keep his head.

THE surroundings and the holes themselves are amazingly pretty, and this has undoubtedly a great deal to do with the charm of the course, for, if you are playing in delightful surroundings, it does, I firmly believe, help you mentally to play just a stroke or two better than otherwise you might. The view in any direction from any hole is impressive, particularly from the heights of one or two of the ridges of dunes whence the Golf Hotel can be seen in the distance.

AS I have implied, the course beat me to a frazzle . . . but I am not satisfied. I shall go again and have another shot; and next time I shall *try* to concentrate on golf and keep away from the Casino. Here 's hoping!

Arthur Owen

Mr. R. A. Buchanan-Dunlop, Miss Borland, and Miss Elspeth Bailey on the links at Gleneagles

Easter at Sandwich

Mr. Greville Stevens, the well-known Middlesex and England cricketer, and Mr. Eustace Storey

Mr. F. A. Langley and his son, who did two extraordinary rounds of 74 on Prince's and St. George's

Cheaper Flying for Pleasure or Profit: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Flying Costs in Civil Aviation

THE de Havilland Company, which has concentrated for the past twelve years on the manufacture of civil aircraft almost exclusively, is the most successful concern of its kind in the world. No other firm, either British or foreign, has been able to make a working profit by the supply of machines other than military or naval types. It follows that anything which de Havilland's have to say about the cost of flying is backed by great experience, being based on a succession of Moth types as well as larger commercial machines from the converted D.H.4, the D.H.16, the D.H.34, up to the Dragon of the present day. An attempt to answer the question as to what it costs to fly has been made by Mr. W. H. E. Thomas in a book issued by the de Havilland Company, entitled, *The L.s.d. of Civil Aviation*. A copy of this book should certainly be in the hands of all those who are engaged in the many branches of the aircraft industry, for its analysis of the present position of air transport is concise and accurate. By the use of the "Dragon," which is a twin Gipsy-engined cabin type with a pay-load of 1,300 odd pounds, or the Fox Moth, which can carry three passengers for 400 miles, the cost of operation comes down to a very low figure, 1·61d. per passenger mile in the first case and 1·87d. in the second. Numerous reasonable assumptions are made in order to arrive at these figures, details of which will be found in the book referred to by anyone who cares to write for a copy.

Amongst recent travellers by Imperial Airways' African service was ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, shown descending from the liner at Entebbe. The air routes provide the only comfortable method of travel in the Tropics

Schoolboys travel to Germany by air. The scene at Croydon, when thirty-six boys from St. Peter's School, Wolverhampton, set out for a holiday on the Continent, flying the first stage to Cologne by Imperial Airways' service

New Types for Old

THE Puss Moth, on which many remarkable flights have been made, including three Atlantic crossings, the first by the late Squadron-Leader Bert Hinkler, and two later by Mr. J. A. Mollison, is to be superseded this year by a new type named the Leopard Moth. This will follow the same lines as its distinguished predecessor, being a high wing monoplane with pilot and passengers seated in a comfortable cabin. An improvement of note is that two passengers will be able to sit side by side, and dual control is to be a standard fitting. The engine will be a Gipsy Major, and powerful wheel and air-brakes will be incorporated also as standard. It is hoped that a satisfactory self-starter will be built for the job, because the machine is intended as a de-luxe air-car, and no owner who can afford to buy a type of this kind will notice the additional expense which such a fitting entails. Quite apart from the bother of having to swing a propeller, this operation is often dangerous, particularly when standing on wet ground or when carried out by an amateur. The first of the Leopards should be flying next month, but the machine will not be released for sale until the manufacturers are satisfied that all teething troubles have been eliminated. Existing Puss Moths should have many years of useful life, for spares and service will be available, and the position of owners is no different from that of people with cars where the manufacturers have brought out later models each year or so.

The "Hawk" Monoplane

EACH year, some new type of outstanding merit, in the particular sense, is produced. This year's surprise is the "Hawk" fitted with a Cirrus III. engine of 90-horse-power and capable of taking-off in fifty or sixty yards and flying level at 115 miles an hour with two up and fuel for a four-hour journey. The machine is a low-wing monoplane open two-seater, designed by Mr. S. G. Miles, and produced by Phillips and Powis at Reading. It has very clean lines and is remarkably pleasing in the air. Some sixty pilots have flown the experimental model already, and in the hands of the test pilot it has been dived to 200 miles an hour and stunted vigorously, so that no doubts as to its safety factor exist. When the "Hawk" is in production, it should sell without difficulty at the low figure of £395, which is considerably less than that for any comparable type. There was plenty of activity at Woodley Aerodrome when I saw the "Hawk" being tested during the Easter holidays. The School has a large number of pupils learning to fly, and the workshops were busy with modifications and repairs. A Bristol Fighter, with one of the original Rolls-Royce "Falcon" engines, brought up to date for its C. of A., looked strange in contrast with the modern two-seaters of less than half its horse-power, but the same performance.

The Airspeed "Courier"

THIS machine, designed as a six-seater and modified for the special purpose of a non-stop flight with re-fuelling en route, has proved a success on its first test. It is particularly to the credit of Messrs. Norway and Tiltman, its designers, that the novel feature of a retractable under-carriage on a new principle has worked well, and the machine has achieved the designed cruising speed in excess of 140 miles an hour with ease. It looks well in the air and, according to reports by Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, who carried out the trials, its handling qualities and view are excellent. Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore, who are to attempt a flight to Australia non-stop, will take over the "Courier" for re-fuelling practice in a few days' time. The special tanks and pipes, together with a new method of taking in supplies in flight, are to the design of Squadron-Leader Helmore, in collaboration with the makers. He is a fuel expert on the staff of the R.A.E. at Farnboro' and it is significant of the importance which the Service attaches to this proposed flight, that it has released him temporarily to take part in the venture and put into practice theories which may revolutionise long-distance flying.

Jack (Kid) Berg seen busily at work on the punching-bag in his training quarters at Windsor, preparatory to his fight with Cleto Locatelli

A picnic party in the snow at Scheidegg, a favourite resort of British ski-ers, who enjoy the Swiss snow, combined with heat and brilliant sunshine, clad in the most summery of attire

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

THE Rugby football season came to an end last Saturday with the Seven-a-Side tournament at Twickenham, but, before we forget about the game until next September, there is one point I should like to make.

You may have noticed that the Barbarians won all their matches in Wales, during their Easter tour, for the third year in succession. This was hardly surprising, for the Barbarians took down to Wales a team comprised largely of international players. I must say that the present Barbarian policy is a little disturbing, and I think it is a great pity that a fetish should be made of invincibility.

Mr. Haigh-Smith, the energetic Barbarian secretary, is very keen that his club should win all their matches, and up to a point this is a very praiseworthy ambition. There is, however, the danger that such a policy may not be in the best interests of the game, and I think myself that the Barbarians would be well advised to experiment with promising young players even at the risk of defeat. I know that this is Mr. Emile de Lissa's opinion, and it is one which many Rugby followers support. The Barbarians are a great club, but surely their function is to develop talent and give experience to likely players rather than to concentrate upon record grubbing.

To my mind, even more remarkable than the string of Barbarian victories was the stout resistance put up by the Welsh clubs, who always seem to play their best when they are opposed by teams like the Barbarians, the Harlequins, or Blackheath.

IN this chaotic world it is apparently impossible to keep sport and politics apart. Last week I was discussing the coming international "Soccer" matches which England will play against Switzerland and Italy, and now we have to consider the situation which arises from the Nazi persecution of the Jews. First of all, we find the Germans banning Dr. Prenn from their Davis Cup tennis team, and then there is the possibility that Germany may stand down from the next Olympic Games, which are due to take place in Berlin in 1936. I don't propose to discuss the omission of Dr. Prenn, though the German action seems rather like cutting off their nose to spite their face, but the Olympic Games development is interesting.

Dr. Lewald, the German representative on the international Olympic Committee, has resigned from the chairmanship of the German national athletic committee, and it is significant to learn that German undergraduates in twenty universities have asked for the cancellation of the Olympic Games on the grounds that their time would be better spent "in martial and field exercises." All this seems to be in keeping with the turn of events in Germany, and it is disquieting, to say the least of it.

THERE are those who doubt the value of the Olympic Games, but I think everyone will agree that they are more likely to promote the international understanding, which at present is so essential to world recovery, than isolated national endeavours to foster the military spirit. It may be that, in due course, the nationalist hysteria which has swept Germany will die down, and then, no doubt, the German attitude to international sport will return to normal. In the meanwhile, it does rather seem that the next Olympiad will take place not in Berlin, but in Rome or Tokio.

These are uneasy days altogether, and I must confess that the views of these German undergraduates are to some extent supported by a letter which has reached me from Australia. My correspondent takes me to task severely, but reasonably, for my remarks about this miserable body-line bowling controversy. He gives the Australian point of view at some length, and supports his contention that his countrymen were justified in their attack upon the M.C.C. team by quoting several stories which reflect unfavourably upon the sportsmanship of the English players.

Unfortunately, he produces no evidence to authenticate his stories, and I see no reason for regarding them as more than the usual gossip which circulates whenever controversy is abroad. Still, the point is that, if I may take my correspondent as the typical Australian, and I think this is a reasonable assumption, the feeling in Australia against the M.C.C. is exceedingly bitter. It is impossible to decide how far this feeling is justified, but the fact that it exists is the strongest possible argument against the exaggerated publicity which is given to international contests of every kind. Here I would like to assure my correspondent I intended no kind of criticism of the sportsmanship of the Australian players themselves. There has been no suggestion that they did not "play the game and play it to the end," if I may quote from my correspondent's letter. The unhappy part of the affair is that he could end up by saying that "England is welcome to the Ashes."

THE negotiations for a fight on Derby Day between Petersen and Doyle still continue, and at the moment the bidding for Petersen has risen to £4000. This is a prodigious figure for so inexperienced a boxer, though we have to admit that Petersen and Doyle between them would probably draw a huge crowd. On the other hand, if the size of the purse is determined by the drawing power of the boxers there is no question that Doyle should be receiving the £4000 and not Petersen, for Doyle is the man who attracts the spectators.

Whether Doyle has really benefited by his training with Descamps remains to be seen, though he has been giving out a lot of high-sounding stuff about his improved defence and his new punch. Both Doyle and Petersen are comparatively raw, and that although Petersen is said to be contemplating a tilt at the world's championship shortly, he is not yet within measurable distance of the top-liners.

The Doggy World

A Good Book to Buy: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE just finished reading a really good book on dogs, and one which is full of interest to anybody who wants to treat their dogs rationally, to make them obedient, and to keep them happy. It is called *Disobedient Dogs and Other Matters*, and is written by Lieut.-Colonel Badcock, the great gun-dog expert.

But don't make the mistake of thinking that it is only about gun-dogs; in fact, it really has very little to do with gun-dogs, but everything to do with the ordinary care of dogs and also a great deal of interesting matter which is somewhat speculative. I agree with nearly everything that Colonel Badcock says, although we differ on a few points, such, for instance, as the matter of straw for beds. Colonel Badcock says that he uses nothing at all, but that his dogs sleep on the bare benches and are perfectly well and comfortable.

Three exhibits at the French Bulldog Club of England Dog Show at Tattersall's: Mrs. C. M. Dubourg and Miss M. M. Clifford's Ducliff Debonair, the champion of the Show, Ducliff Tromp la Mort, and Ducliff Diabolo

WELL, well! I have seen his dogs, and I can answer for it that they are well and happy, but, personally, while I do not think that straw in the summer-time is at all necessary, I do believe in it in the winter, for it enables a dog to "snuggle" down and to foster its own body heat. A properly-ventilated kennel can be a very cold spot on a winter night if there is nothing but a bare bench to sleep on.

He abhors concrete—so do I—and he swears by wooden buildings for kennels, and I agree with him every time. He goes a little further than I do, for he even dislikes an out-of-doors concrete run, while I think that they are quite useful, although he is perfectly right when he says that wet concrete is an abomination, for nothing is more calculated to give a dog a chill. But, of course, he is speaking of dogs that have to be kept in their kennels, while mine probably don't spend more than two hours there during the day.

But it is not so much in the details of kennel management that you will find the book interesting, for everybody has their own ideas about that—and are mostly quite pig-headed on the subject!—but in the matter of every-day training to obedience and useful things like walking at heel and sitting in one place and coming when called.

ALSATIAN owners are rather apt to think that they have a monopoly in teaching these things, but, of course, all gun-dog people have taught them for years, and Colonel Badcock's methods of making a dog walk at heel are infinitely preferable to the way in which Alsatians are taught. On the other hand, he pays a lot of attention to teaching a dog "the sit," and thinks that "sitting lessons are among the most irksome to the dog and irritating to you." Personally, (and I have had a good deal of experience in Alsatian-training), I think that "the sit" is the easiest and most quickly taught of all exercises. This merely shows the difference between one breed and another.

BUT get the book. It is only 3*s.* 6*d.*, and, if you follow its teaching, you will solve most of your doggy problems. It is well illustrated with practical illustrations showing how to work dogs, train them, and dose them.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

THE first of this month was the first closing date for entries for the Derby, the final of which will be run at the White City on the evening of June 24th. Right up to the last moment there was a remarkably small entry for this first acceptances stage, but in the last three days entries began to pour in, and they have come from all over England, Scotland and Wales, as well as those of a few dogs which have been specially sent from Ireland for the classic race. At the moment of writing, thirty-nine greyhounds of the highest class, whose total value must be more than £50,000, have been entered, and these include all the famous names, such as those of Wild Woolley, Lutwych, Goopy Gear, Beef Cutlet, and Future Cutlet. Wild Woolley, the winner of last year's race, is an automatic favourite, but there is plenty of money being wagered on various of his rivals, and Future Cutlet is not without friends.

Other important events will take place before the first heats of the Derby start, and a more definite line may be taken by backers on the results recorded. I wonder if another grand race, such as was witnessed last year between Wild Woolley and Future Cutlet, will again take place between these two dogs? Another interesting entry is that of Seldom Led, which won the Derby in 1931 and is this year trying to make a come-back. Seldom Led was perhaps rather a lucky winner, but his owner, Mr. J. J. Fleming, hopes for the best, and has also entered two other dogs about which nothing is known—Old Cigar and Fallinga: these two have come from Ireland, and have never yet raced on an English track. So far, West Ham has only sent in two entries, but the track will be worthily represented by Lutwych. Wimbledon, at the present moment, leads in numbers with seven entries, and the White City kennels come next with six. It is interesting to note that never before has competition been so keen for the great classic race of the year, and a result of this competition has been the elimination of all dogs that are not in the championship class.

IT is true that the quantity of entries has decreased year by year, but this has been more than made up for by the quality of the entries, which has greatly improved. Dogs with no chances are not now entered, and thereby the standard of racing in the heats, as in the final, has steadily advanced. In 1930, when the race was won by Mick The Miller, the time was 30·24 seconds. The following year, when entries were less numerous, Seldom Led won in 30·04 seconds, and last year, when the entries had still further decreased, and the quality still further improved, Wild Woolley won in the fastest time on record, 29·72 seconds. I wonder if this year an even lesser time will be recorded; it is more than likely, for the track-bred champions, the finest ever seen on any course, will meet in this open competition, and when up against each other, will be compelled to pull out all that is in them. Derby night has always been a grand night at the White City—but this year the night of June 24th promises to be the greatest of all.

Yellow Bead, Flag of Emly, and Hounsden taking a hurdle in the 500 yards race at Harringay in the Easter Saturday "Matinée" meeting

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A Morris "Ten" Saloon having a day in the country by the Thames at Abingdon

The Value of Road Tests

By The Earl of Cardigan

A trip from London to Cairo to demonstrate the reliability of a British car. The Hillman Wizard, with caravan attached, excites interest among the inhabitants in Derna

Do road tests prove anything, beyond the performance achieved on a specific occasion by one individual driver in one individual car?

Bare figures, in any case, do not convey a great deal as to the merits of a given car in the hands of the average private owner. Slow running may be cited as a good example. I can well imagine a car being driven by an expert at less than 4 m.p.h. in top gear, while feeling "uncomfortable" to the ordinary man at any speed below, perhaps, 10 m.p.h.

In maximum speed, at the opposite end of the scale, the distinction is at least equally well marked. There are few more useless bits of information than the bare statement of a car's full-throttle speed. The 70 m.p.h. light car may be a really fast little machine, capable of running happily at 50, or even 60, m.p.h. It may, on the other hand, be a relatively poor performer—road speeds in excess of 40 m.p.h. being not only unpleasant, owing to excessive noise and vibration, but also likely to result in undue wear and tear.

The true criterion of a car's performance on the road is the speed which it can give all day and every day, without either damaging itself or irritating its passengers.

Unfortunately, it is extremely difficult for any test to reveal, or for any individual to define, the useful limits of a car's performance. The highest speed at which road-holding remains perfect is dependent, to some extent at least, upon the skill and understanding of the driver.

Similarly, individuals differ in their reaction to the comfortable or uncomfortable running of an engine. To some people, it is a matter of no great moment if an engine "labours" wretchedly at low speeds, or becomes "unbalanced," with distressing periods of vibration, when turning over fast. To others, such characteristics are genuinely distressing—so much so that it may be pain and grief to a man with a sensitive ear to sit behind a certain type of engine under certain speed conditions.

In many other respects, the alleged virtues of different cars are very largely matters of personal preference. What, for instance, is "perfect steering"? Personally, I should hesitate to lay down a definition. Steering should be light—but is ultra-light steering ideal under all circumstances? Low-geared steering gives very positive action—but is not very low gearing sometimes to be regarded as a nuisance? It is not even agreed among motorists in general whether the front wheels of a car should have self-centring properties, or, if so, to what extent?

What, again, are "perfect brakes"? Is sheer stopping power to be regarded as the prime consideration—or should equal attention be paid to smoothness of action, absolute steadiness under treacherous conditions, and lightness of operation. The lightest and most powerful brakes I ever tested almost gave me heart failure every time I applied them. To what extent was their bare efficiency praiseworthy?

I am inclined to think that, the more one learns about motor-cars, the less disposed one is to be dogmatic, or to lay down dogmatic tests. One prefers to say "*In my opinion*, this is a good, or a bad, point"—and to invoke facts and figures merely to support and illustrate this personal view.

Shooting the Bustard

One of the Many Attractions for English Sportsmen in Hungary

The Great Hungarian Plain, the home of the "Fata Morgana," the famous mirage which deludes and leads travellers astray, is also the home of the bustard, the largest European bird. The bustard at one time was to be found all over Europe, but to-day, outside Hungary, is found only in parts of Germany and Spain, and then rarely, and, owing to lack of protection, it is in danger of dying out in these countries. Thanks to the new game laws, there are large numbers of these birds on the Hungarian Plain, and flights of forty to a hundred and fifty bustards may be seen at one time.

The full-grown bird is rust-brown in colour with black stripes, its head and neck are ash-grey, and on its breast is a bar of greyish feathers. An old cock-bustard has a light grey moustache, made up of some thirty fine hair-like feathers. The body is heavy, and somewhat like that of a turkey; the average weight is between twenty and thirty pounds.

The bustard is extraordinarily timid and cautious, and this accounts for his always choosing plains for his home; he feels safe only in open country. Hard winters, as well as man, are his enemy, for he cannot find food when the snow is thick, and sleet and rain may freeze on his wings, making it impossible for him to fly. Only the severe game laws prevent shepherds killing them in wholesale fashion on the ground during the winter.

The Bustard

During the mating period in April and May, the hens leave the big flights, and the cocks fight fiercely for the favours of their ladies; I have shot bustards whose bodies have been covered with wounds from these tourneys. Only at this time do the birds lose some of their caution, and the cocks strut boldly about, holding their heads back proudly, puffing out their neck feathers, and ruffling their tail feathers, opening their wings and letting them trail on the ground.

The mating period is the most suitable for bustard-shooting, which is an exciting and difficult sport. In past times, the method was to dig large holes on the known lines of flight, and in these the guns stood, while the birds were driven over by beaters on foot or horseback. To-day this is considered unsporting, and in Hungary, where the bustard is classified as big game, the bird is stalked and shot with a rifle, and only cocks are killed. To deceive the bustard, the stalker may dress up as an agricultural labourer and keep his rifle out of sight, or he may try and approach in a rattling farmcart, or he may use a car, where the ground is suitable, but, in any case, he is unlikely to get nearer to his quarry than three to four hundred yards. A telescopic sight must be used as a consequence. I advise the use of Mannlicher-Schonau or Mauser rifles, or, better still, the so-called Hochrasant, a 7-mm. rifle, which has the flattest trajectory, and so minimises any mistake in the judgment of the distance.

During my long shooting career, I have managed to shoot 126 bustard, and I can truly say that the sport has left me many delightful and amusing memories, not only of shooting, but of hours spent in studying the habits of the birds. I would strongly advise those who have not yet done so to give this sport a trial, for they can hardly fail to enjoy it.

FRANCIS DE FARRAS.

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Left: Miss C. Howard, Miss M. Justice, Mrs. T. S. Baker, Miss P. Doran Miss Joannides, and Miss Raworth, some of the very many competitors in the Surrey County Ladies' Golf Championship

Below: Mrs. Gordon Barry and Mrs. M. Atherton, two more of the competitors in the Surrey Championship

Women's Golf:

Mainly South-East

By Eleanor E. Helme

Below: Mrs. Crosthwaite and Miss Jean Hamilton going to the 4th at West Hill in the Surrey Championship

Dear Bystander—

Let me start with the county match when Middlesex beat Kent at Ashford Manor. Poor Kent! they have got Miss Fishwick back now, and Miss Dorothy Pearson is said to be on her way home, but that day against Middlesex they lacked not only these travellers, but Miss Morgan as well. Mind you, Kent has some very useful young golfers coming along—Miss Fuller, Miss Moss, Miss Ridge—but it is like sending a boy on a man's job to expect them to be the mainstay of their side. Miss Doxford at the top of the team is a marvel, who sandwiches her golf in amongst so much hard work that the wonder is she can play at all. She is, as a matter of fact, playing better than ever this year, but then, so is Mrs. Guedalla, whom she had to play that afternoon at Ashford, and Mrs. Guedalla won by 4 and 3. Mrs. Fleming did very nobly to stand up to the many long putts of Miss Dodo Butler—one of the players who takes her putting extremely seriously, practises most devoutly every day, and is rewarded by sinking more long putts and missing fewer short ones than almost any golfer in the south-eastern division. Miss Pim, Miss Regnart (at the 19th after being stymied at the 18th), and Miss Rabbidge added other Middlesex wins, and for Kent, Miss Moss (sister of the Oxford captain), pulled one out of the fire by holing a chip for a birdie 3 at the last hole, which was also the first time she had been up. Miss Ridge, playing last, was out in 37, mind you, so that there was some excuse for her 5 and 4 win from Miss Ramsden, who holds the Roehampton Gold Cup.

Next day, from embarras de richesse, I chose Veteran Ladies v. Senior Men, at Ranelagh, and had a really entertaining time. Perhaps Mrs. Sydney Cole, of Gog-Magog, who was playing for the Vets., had imparted a little local knowledge beforehand to her husband, although he was on the opposite side, for he, at least, played extremely well, and took the last eight holes of his match in five under fours. But by that time, though, the hapless man was beaten, for he was attempting to give nine strokes to Mrs. Ernest Hill, who had gone out in 37, and only faltered a little under the storm of threes which Professor Cole thereafter proceeded to hurl at her head.

The Veteran Ladies are becoming very good golfers. There is Mrs. Hill, amongst their new recruits; there is Mrs. Colegate, of tennis fame; and there is Mrs. Cyril Beard, the mother of Mary and Kitty, who used to go very near winning the Girls' Championship, while their mother lurked anxiously behind bushes watching them. Now the daughter does the lurking, and looks just as apprehensive for family honour as ever mamma did. Anyway, Mrs. Beard won morning and afternoon, and this week will quite possibly see her Veteran Champion.

Next day, to Camberley, for Middlesex v. Hampshire; Hampshire having beaten Kent 5 to 2 the day before, at Blackmoor, where Mrs. Clarke beat Miss Doxford 2 and 1 by dint of holing her tee shot at the 16th! No more holes in one for Mrs. Clarke, but, instead, she beat Mrs. Guedalla at the 20th in the morning, never having been up till she got an amazing legitimate three at the 16th, and by 4 and 3 in the afternoon, never having been down at all. What a day that was! Middlesex won in the morning by 5 to 2, but in the afternoon it was not only an odd match win, but that odd match won at the 19th by Miss Roberts-Harris, after she had been 5 up and 6 to go, lost them all, and then stymied her indomitable opponent, Mrs. Hunt, at the 19th. There were great calculations over the tea-table about the respective chances of Middlesex, Hampshire, Surrey and Sussex (with special respect for Sussex), but as chances will be certainties by the time this letter sees the light, I 'm not going to confuse you with them. But it certainly looks as if Sussex are going to come through, and a delightful change it will be too (says she, remembering to be the dutiful correspondent, and not a staunch Surreyite).

I simply had to go to West Hill to see Surrey's Championship, and watch Miss Gourlay beat Miss Pauline Doran in one semi-final, and then Miss Jean Hamilton in the final, both on the last green. It was all very much as it ought to have been. Miss Gourlay had qualified first with 75, one less than par; Miss Doran second, with 78. Miss Jean Hamilton was quite a long way down the sixteen with her 87, but, since she plays second for Surrey, it was highly

(Continued on page 176)

TURNBERRY **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Thursday, May 18th, 1933.

"THE BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, June 6, 1933, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of.....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone No......

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of.....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone No......

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 2nd to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone: Turnberry 2.

151 FITTINGS AND VARIATIONS IN THE

New Tailoring

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

It is one of the many differences between a woman and a man that she likes her clothes to be so good that they are noticeable, and he likes his clothes to be so good that they are not!

We make some lounge suits costing more than six guineas and some costing less. Among them are grey flannel suits, with chalk stripes in black or white; single-breasted are five guineas and double-breasted five-and-a-half guineas.

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City: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3. *Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester. Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast*

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON
P.2243

ENSEMBLE
in
SUEDE
and
TWEED
by Andersons'

Here, in an ensemble of unexceptionable cut and quality, is presented a *really* easeful golf outfit which will not ride up or pucker after the golf stroke.

Jacket of selected suede skins, amply cut, pleated neatly into belt line. "Zipp" fastener. The belt is three-quarter attached, so that when fastened, the jacket fits firmly round the waist without pucker, whilst close fitting basque prevents irksome riding up. Skirt of best West of England Tweed, finely tailored to preserve a graceful line. British made by Andersons' — makers of fine waterproofs since 1850.

In a variety of toning colours. Sizes: Jackets — 24 ins. long; 34 ins., 36 ins. and 38 ins. bust. Skirts, 33 ins. long; 28 ins., 30 ins. and 32 ins. waist. 5GNS

Made with that little extra care by

Andersons'
Rubber Company, Limited
OF LONDON & BRISTOL

Obtainable from most high grade fashion houses and sports outfitters—or, if any difficulty, write to—Andersons' Rubber Company, Ltd., Bristol. A.3

Womens' Golf *(Continued from page 174)*

suitable that she should be runner-up, though Mrs. Crombie had played so beautifully till the semi-final that it was no foregone conclusion.

I was immensely struck with the way Miss Doran has come on. Fred Robson has, indeed, reason to be proud of what he has done for her. She had the lead of Miss Gourlay all the way to the 11th, and was round in 76, although beaten, a performance which suggests that Girl is not going to be the only variety of champion which she will someday write after her name. I did not feel that Miss Gourlay played quite so well in the afternoon ; she was inclined to be crooked—an unusual fault with her—and owed not a little to a kindly cannon off an out-of-bounds tree. She was round in 77, so Miss Hamilton, like Miss Doran, had no reason to be ashamed of a last-green defeat from her.

The Sussex Championship was played at West Hove, a course where straightness is the supreme virtue. That is one of Mrs. Rowand-Harker's, together with wonderful results on the putting green, obtained with a croquet stance, and so to her belongs the proud title of Sussex Champion. That nothing should be lacking, she had the satisfaction of herself beating the holder, Mrs. V. G. Davies, at the 20th, in the semi-final, and last year's runner-up, Miss Lake, at the 18th, in the final—that after Miss Lake had been 3 up at the 8th. Miss Lake had all she could do, with all to lose and nothing to gain, to beat her young club-mate, Miss Beryl Pockett, in the semi-final. Of these things I have heard.

Now, hastily, or you will be getting weary of me, for what I have only read. Midland Foursomes at Sandwell Park, and a win for Mrs. Wood and Miss Birkett of Trentham and Hawkstone respectively. Cheshire Foursomes, won by Mrs. Alan Macbeth and Mrs. Ashton Smalley. Ayrshire Championship, won by Miss Jean McCulloch for the sixth time, beating Mrs. Greenlees 6 and 5 in the eighteen-hole final. What a week it has been. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

"The Bystander" Ladies'

SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(10th Year) at Turnberry (New Course), JUNE 6 to 9, 1933

Holders : LADY ALNESS and MISS LEETHAM.

Entries close Thursday, May 18th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. HELME, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, May 18th.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL AND RAILWAY FACILITIES

THE BYSTANDER Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Turnberry Hotel, Turnberry*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive, from Monday, June 5th. Reduced railway fares, St. Pancras to Turnberry, £3 8s. 6d. return.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Turnberry on June 6th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR "THE BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

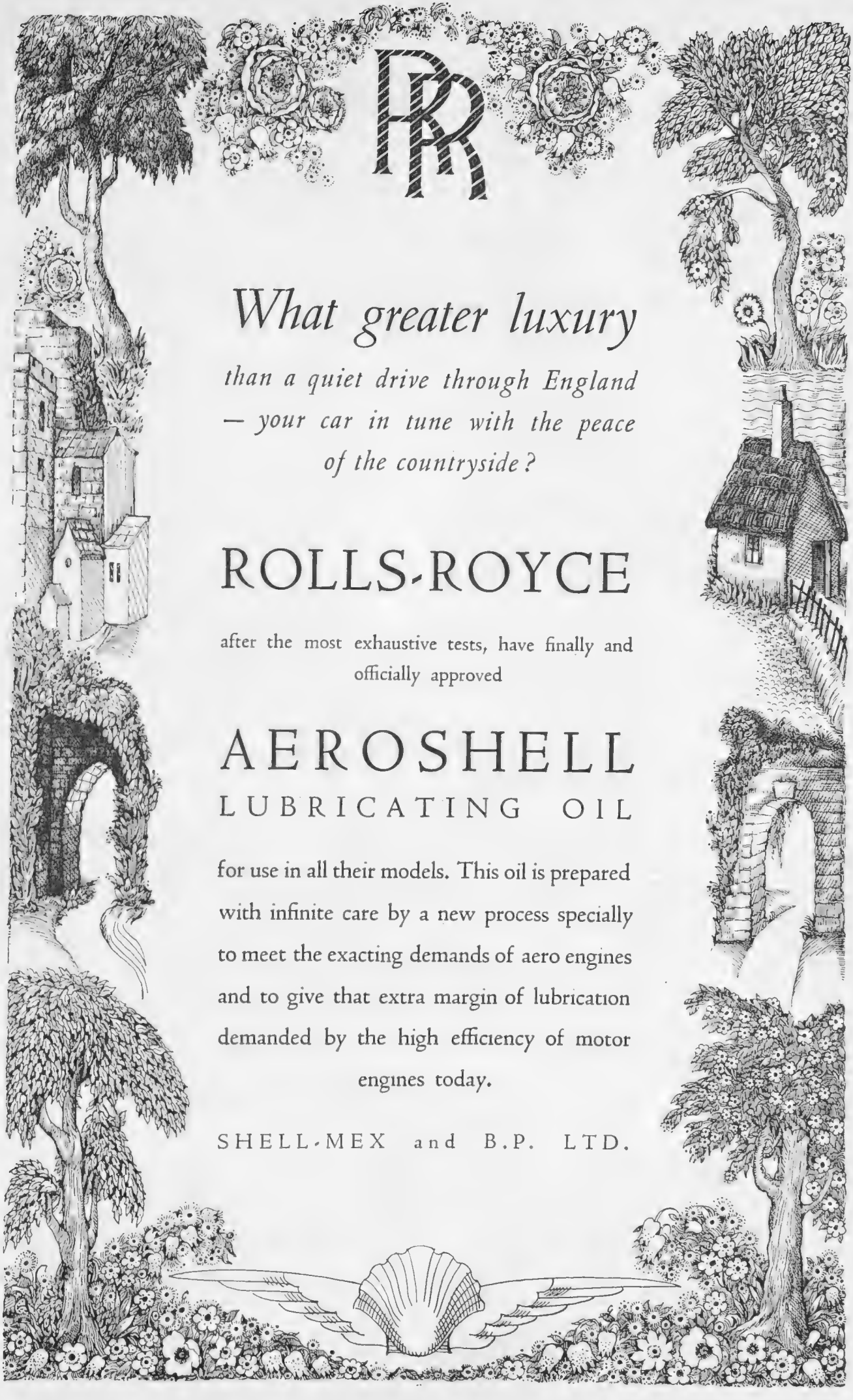
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address.....

.....



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for use in all their models. This oil is prepared with infinite care by a new process specially to meet the exacting demands of aero engines and to give that extra margin of lubrication demanded by the high efficiency of motor engines today.

SHELL-MEX and B.P. LTD.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

How to Give Yourself a Delightful and Revivifying Slimming Cure at Home.

UNDOUBTEDLY, those at all inclined to put on weight are likely to do so in the winter. There is no incentive to take out-door exercise—unless one is a devotee of winter sports or a golf enthusiast. One takes, and indeed needs, a more fatty and carbonaceous diet, all of which tends to encourage the formation and solidification of adipose tissue.

Then comes the Spring, the natural temptation to buy new clothes, the instinct to start fresh with the burgeoning of the year, the wish to look and to feel one's best. Fittings are apt to give one a rude shock. Is that really one's silhouette in the three-fold mirror? Surely that curve . . . that slight rotundity . . . that thick-through look are unfamiliar features, and the measurements that the insensitive voice of the woman with the tape measure announces indifferently, and the young lady with the note-book heartlessly repeats, sound ominous. Dare one order the lovely frocks in soft alluring materials that fitted so caressingly under the tiny bust and round the slender waist and hips of the mannequin?

Certainly! No need to telephone frenziedly to a friend who did some drastic thinning cure, subsisting on pine-apple and spinach, or lemon juice and salad. It *is* lovely to be slender and, what is more, it is healthy to be slender. Not to be thin; that is unbecoming, debilitating and not even fashionable! Drastic slimming courses, dietetic or medicinal, are undesirable from every point of view. The ideal course to slenderise and improve the figure is one that dissolves adipose tissue, breaks down the fat cells which accumulate locally, and carries away the superfluous fat by means of improved circulation and invigoration of the whole system.

AT the spas one can literally watch patients, who arrive unhealthily heavy, fat and often empurpled, gradually regain not only their figures, but also health, clear complexions and vigorous gait. This is accomplished mainly by baths and massage. Naturally, people with a predisposition to obesity must take reasonable care in the matter of diet and not indulge too freely in fats and farinaceous foods.

The baths and the massage are both available in one's own home to-day. There are obtainable in London to-day some special Bath Salts which not only reduce the figure, stimulate the circulation and increase metabolism, but act as a delightful water-softener, so that the pores are activated and cleansed, and the skin becomes firm and silky, and there are none of the depressing effects of severe reducing methods. There is also a reducing soap which can be used at the same time and is especially valuable for removing localised fat. A tablet of the soap should be held in each hand and rubbed well in with a strong circular movement.

There is also an ingenious invention consisting of a domed disc on which there are blunt little bone teeth, each on a tiny spring. This fits into the palm of the hand and, by means of a sort of vibro-massage, dissipates the fat cells and is useful for self-massage to reduce any part of the body or the limbs. A little wooden ball revolving in a socket is specially devised for reducing massage to the throat and the back of the neck.

These simple aids to health and beauty constitute a home "cure" and bring desirable and healthy slenderness within reach of every woman.

The name and address of the firm supplying these products will be sent on request to any interested readers. Letters should be addressed to the Woman Editor, "The Bystander," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543.

Spécialités £6.6.0

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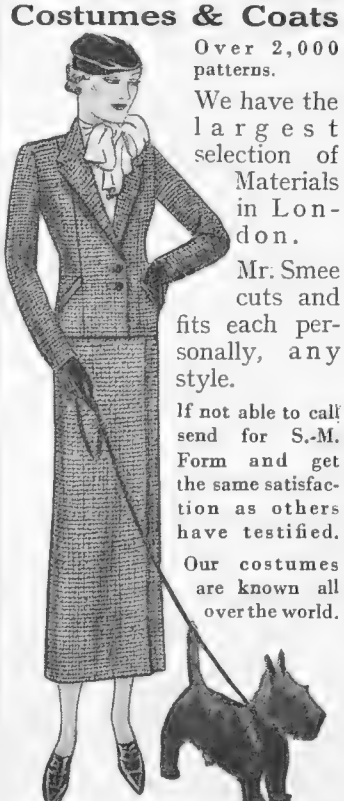

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Our costumes are known all over the world.

Riding Coats and Breeches from £9.9.0

Only Address—

55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking, and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You 'll take a new interest in life. You 'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you 'll be more eager for work and play. You 'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you 'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

ESS VIOTTO

FOR THE HANDS

● However you are engaged . . . in business, social or domestic affairs, the condition of your hands is an index to your personal daintiness. Whenever you wash, conclude by rubbing in a few drops of ESS VIOTTO to soothe and whiten the hands. This simple rule never fails.

1/6, 2/6, 4/9 & 6/9 per bottle

from all leading Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

BRONNLEY

Makers of the Celebrated Bath Soap

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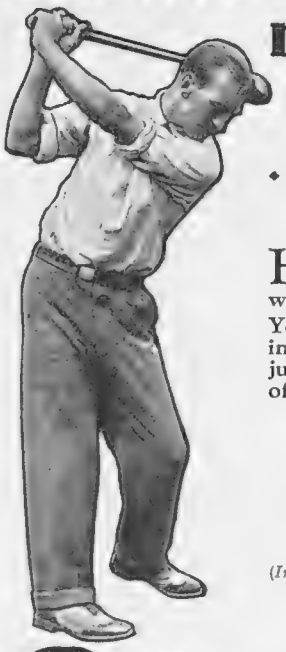
Archie Compston makes a new record



. . . this time for a Gramophone

HOW would you like a private half-hour of homely helpful advice on your golf written by the great Archie Compston? You can do this in your own home by securing the talks which Archie Compston has just had written and directed for the benefit of golfers who want to improve their game.

2 RECORDS—(4 sides).

1. The Secret of Long Driving.
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4. The Secret of Good Putting. *(Includes a soft practice ball and cardboard putting disc.)*

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GOLF BALLS

"King Plus"—Box of six, 12/-; Box of twelve, 24/-
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Model 35. **15 ft. long**, two rooms, accommodation for four, **£155.** Perfect towing, lightest weight self-locking **ball coupling.** An improvement on the well-known No. 10.

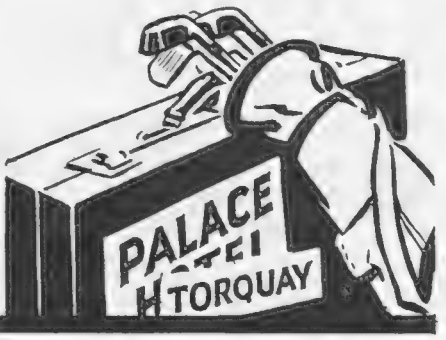
SEE THE **ECCLES** FIRST—AND STILL THE BEST

ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD. STIRCHLEY BIRMINGHAM

IT has been said that the Palace ought to be reserved for honeymoon couples in May and June. "These most glorious facets of the English Riviera's choicest gem, etc., only appreciated to the full by idyllic minds, etc., etc."

Yet the Palace has been known to awaken the poetry that is in a company director, and has turned financiers' minds to higher things. At any rate it has improved their handicap.

You will remember that golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming pool, gymnasium, dancing, entertainments—even talkie pictures—are all included in the terms.



'Phone: Torquay 2271
Visitors flying to Haldon Aerodrome met on request

The Editor's Box

A Pageant of Success

An extraordinarily interesting section of the Advertising and Marketing Exhibition at Olympia in July will be the gallery devoted to a pageant of success. Famous national advertisers from all over the country are taking part, each exhibiting the original product of their firm, with the original price, as well as diagrams showing the comparison with the product of to-day, and the latest prices. A practical history of British enterprise for the last hundred years will thus be displayed to the public, as well as an illustration of the lowering of prices and raising of quality to which advertising has contributed so much during that time. The display stands for this section of the Exhibition are being specially designed by Mr. Joseph Emberton, the well-known architect.

Glass on Show

In the Exhibition which opened on Monday for three weeks at Breves Lalique Galleries, in Basil Street, there are numerous pieces of glass, pewter porcelain, and pottery in which the collector will be interested, as well as a number of exhibits making their appeal to the more practical buyers, such as the Swedish table glass, decanters, vases, and so on, which are both artistic and inexpensive. Lalique glass is already widely known and appreciated, and the new designs shown here will be studied by discerning eyes. An outstanding exhibit consists of coloured living fish in clear glass tanks, which have become so popular on the Continent as part of the decorative scheme for a room, and are now said to be shown for the first time here.

For Summer Motoring

Now that the summer motoring season has well and truly begun, motor owners begin to talk of maps and routes and distances as fishermen talk of fish. The *Autocar* Route-Finder Map of Great Britain is not only an invaluable aid to such conversations, but, for practical use, is unrivalled. Routes from London to anywhere are easy to find and to follow, and the maps can be used in sections or as a whole. The scale is 12 miles to the inch, except on the two London exit maps, where it is one mile and four miles to the inch respectively. The map, which is clearly printed on stout paper, both wind- and wear-resisting, is distributed by Kelly's Directories Ltd., and costs 5*s*.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

MANHATTAN COCKTAIL
*
HORS D'ŒUVRES
*
SOLE AUX CHAMPIGNONS
*
POULET À LA PORTUGAISE WITH POMMES NOUVELLES AND PETITS POIS À L'ANGLAISE
*
CRÊME DE MILAN
*
ASPARAGUS OMELETTE

Manhattan Cocktail

FILL tumbler or shaker with chipped ice, put in three or four drops of Angostura bitters, add half a liqueur glassful of vermouth, half a wineglassful of whisky ; stir or shake and place a small piece of lemon on the top.

Sole aux Champignons

ONE large sole, 6 oz. of breadcrumbs, 3 oz. of butter, half a tablespoonful of parsley, one egg, and 8 oz. of mushrooms. Chop half the mushrooms after they are peeled, place them in a basin with the breadcrumbs, butter and egg; mix all thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle in the parsley. Place the sole on a tin, run a sharp knife down the centre from head to tail. Slip the knife down each side close to the bone, and make a species of pocket for the stuffing. Place an equal quantity of the mixture in the basin on either side. Where the slit was made from head to tail, place the remaining mushrooms. Brush over with melted butter and bake in a greased tin very slowly for half an hour. Serve as hot as possible.

Poulet à la Portugaise

CUT a chicken into joints, fry them in butter in a sauté pan. Pour off the butter and add a minced shallot. Let this cook a little, then moisten with a well-seasoned brown sauce. Cover the pan, and cook gently for five minutes. About fifteen minutes before serving, add twenty stuffed olives, and serve up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Crême de Milan

HALF a pint of cream stiffly whipped. One teacupful of milk, 3 oz. of castor sugar, one small sherry-glass of sherry, ½-oz. of gelatine dissolved in the milk, and allowed to get cool. Then add the cream and sherry. A few ratafias crumbled in at the last minute are an improvement.

The Rhythm of living...

HUMAN happiness

revolves around simple themes...and its greatest pleasures are those shared. Thus do PLAYER'S fill their appointed place within the scheme of things

100's BOXES 4/8d · FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6d

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

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NEW GOWNS for BRIDGE & DINNER

FASHION'S scope for looking one's best at home is greater than ever to-day! Rest Gowns, Bridge Frocks—Gowns for tea, cocktails and informal dining-at-home are in elegant profusion at Marshall & Snelgrove's.

A catalogue of the new Tea Gowns will be sent free on request.

DIANA

Adaptable Slip-on Tea Gown made in Satin Zenora, possessing the long, graceful sleeves and cleverly cut hip line, with sash to tie at back as desired. In Brown, Royal, Green, Wine, Fraise, Parchment, Purple, Black, etc.

7½ Gns.

Sent on Approval

MARION

Two-piece Tea Gown (suitable for the elder lady) made in Satin Zenora. The sleeveless underdress is completed by fashionable coatee. In Royal, Saxe, Green, Parchment, Brown, Parma, Wine, Black, etc.

10½ Gns.

Sent on Approval

LUCILLE

Handsome Tea or Home Dinner Gown made in Novelty Lace over Georgette to tone, cut on full cross-over lines which are adaptable to most figures. In several good colours, also Black.

14½ Gns.

Sent on Approval

TEA GOWN SALON FIRST FLOOR

AFTER RESIDENCE ABROAD.

Overseas Residents contemplating a visit to England are reminded that the easiest way of choosing a new outfit is to visit Marshall & Snelgrove's upon arrival in London. The Fashion Departments cover every possible need, and the large variety ensures absolute satisfaction.

Patterns and Catalogues will be sent in advance, if desired.

Marshall & Snelgrove

Tel: Mayfair 6600 Debenhams Ltd

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.1.

PETER ROBINSON

Distinctive Gowns

652.—Graceful Evening Gown of heavy Appliqué Lace, for restaurant or informal occasions. In black, and the new pastel shades of beige, grey and corn. *Sizes:* Medium *and* O.S. - - 15 gns.

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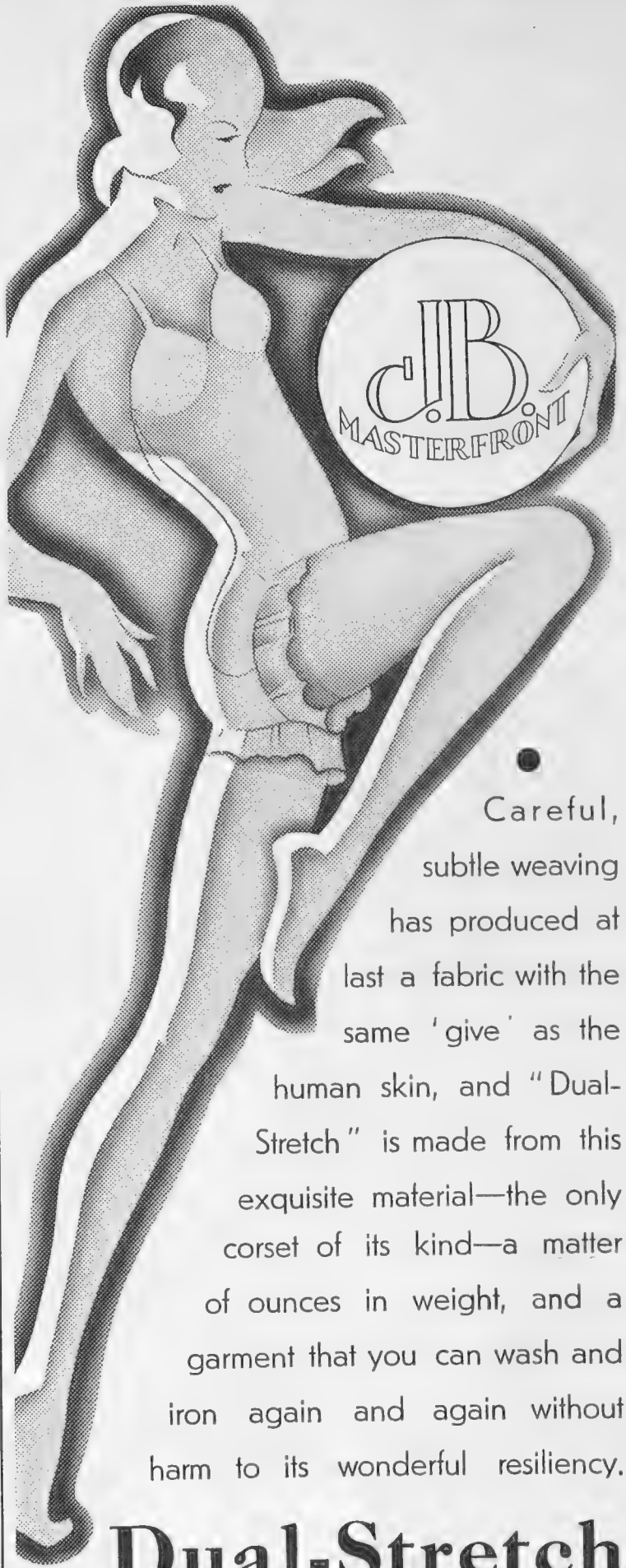

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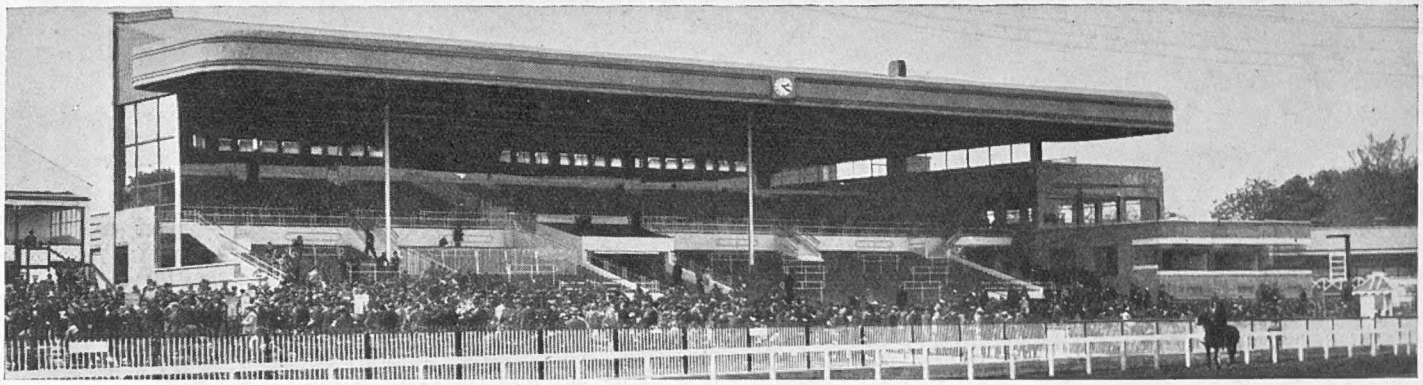

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